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# TIME



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## TIME THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

The cover photograph and color pictures that accompany our *Kong* story were taken by John Bryson, former assistant picture editor of *LIFE* magazine, who was on the set for much of the last year. Richard Schickel, who wrote the story, is a movie historian as well as a critic. In fact, he has just completed a nine-month stint as coproducer and writer of *Life Goes to the Movies*, a three-hour TV retrospective of movies made between 1936 and 1972, which will be shown on NBC Oct. 31. "I saw hundreds of old movies for the *LIFE* project," says Schickel, "and was reminded that there was an innocent exuberance in the making of them that showed up in the final films. Today's movies tend to have the smell of cost accounting." But, after seeing an hour and a half of the '76 *Kong*, Schickel reports: "The people who made it weren't counting pennies and were clearly having fun. Their enthusiasm shines through."

DE LAURENTIIS, JÁNOS &amp; FRIEND

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## Washington's farewell at Fraunces Tavern may well have included Martell.

1783. General Washington resigns his commission and asks Generals Lafayette and Rochambeau plus his closest officers and friends to Fraunces Tavern in New York. Here he will personally say farewell

and thank them for their loyalty.

And what more appropriate way for devoted officers and friends to wish this great patriot well than with a glass of Martell Cognac. For by 1783, Frenchman and

American had long agreed. Martell was cognac unequalled.

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**Martell. Taste history.**

V.S.P. V.S.O.P. CORDON ROUGE  
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING COGNACS.

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Sorry, Pioneer. But all's fair in love and product war.

In that spirit, Sony unveils the PS-3300. A \$200 direct drive turntable that's *semi-automatic*.

So the contest between our PS-3300 and their vaunted PL-510 is really no contest.

Because in the crassest terms, we give you more: an automatic arm return and a reject button.

And that's a substantial difference, for no difference in price.

What's more, we didn't shave anything to make it possible.

The PS-3300 has a finely crafted direct drive system with a brushless and slotless DC servo-controlled motor.

The PS-3300 innovates with a speed monitoring system that state troopers would love to get their hands on: an electronic

process using an 8-pole magnetic pick-up head and a pulse coated platter rim.

Plus there's independent fine speed adjustments, a tonearm that's so sensitive it's almost neurotic, and so on.

And to see the attention to detail that Sony stands for, note what the PS-3300 stands on. Bell-shaped rubber feet that are specially constructed to prevent both acoustic and mechanical feedback. (When it comes to feedback, we put our feet down.)

They absorb vibrations—whether from footsteps bouncing on the floor or sound waves

bouncing off the wall. Otherwise, these vibrations would be transferred to the stylus, amplified, and be transferred back to the stylus—creating a vicious cycle.

If you're wondering how we managed to do this—how our semi-automatic shot down their high-flying manual—our response is a brief one.

While Pioneer relied on its reputation, Sony relied on its engineers.

## SONY



**"To a lot of people,  
industrial espionage is a joke. Ho, ho.  
We haven't let a type job out of here  
in a year and a half."**



*Leaks* can be as much a problem for the private sector as they are for certain circles of government.

Fortunately, an office machine has come along that makes keeping secrets a lot easier.

How? By setting type. Right there in your office. So you never have to let your company's private business out of your office.

Now, you probably don't spend a lot of time thinking about type. But if your company's turning out any kind of printed material, you're probably spending a lot of money on type. And that's another terrific thing about this new office machine.

It sets type at a fraction of the cost outside suppliers will charge you. (Not to mention the time you save when you set your own type in-house.) It's only slightly harder to use than a typewriter. And if you're wondering about quality, just take a good look at the type you're reading right now. It's ours.

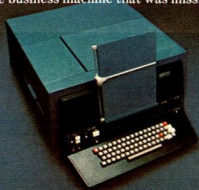
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"A Dash for the Timber" Frederic Remington, 1889, courtesy Amon Carter Museum of Western Art.



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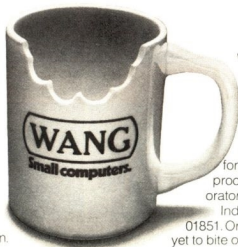
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Volkswagen versus Detroit.

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# The Ford Motor Company



Open.



Close.



Open.



Close.



Close.



Open.



Close.



Open.



Open.



Close.



Open.



Close.



Close.



Open.



Close.



Open.



Open.



Close.



Open.



Close.

# Door Latch and Hinge Test.



Open.



Close.



Open.



Close.



Open. Etc.

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Chickachock. Open.  
Chickachock. Closed.  
Chickachock. Open.  
Chickachock. Closed.  
Testing...is boring.

But it's important. Because you  
give doors a lot of tough punishment,  
we test them tough: 80 thousand times.

Ford, Mercury, and Lincoln cars  
are the result of one tough test  
after another.

Chickachock. Open.  
Chickachock. Closed.  
Testing door latches and

hinges is boring.

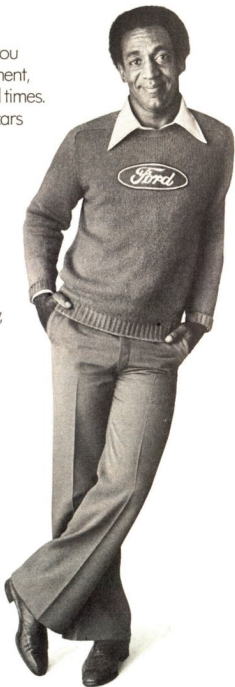
But tough testing...  
makes for tough cars.

So, at Ford Motor Company,  
we do a lot of it.

Chickachock. Open.  
Chickachock. Closed.  
Etc.



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to be your car company.**



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This slow natural process is how some wines become Great Wines.

And how Old Forester becomes Great Whisky.



## FORUM

### Strong Issues

To the Editors:

How can you say there are "no strong issues gripping the public" [Oct. 4]?

With Watergate still fresh in our minds, with so many people out of work, with the number of people under the poverty level at an alltime high, with inflation still at an unacceptable rate, with taxes gobbling up our whole paycheck—how can you say that?

Anne F. DiCioccio  
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

The issues for each candidate do not seem to be solutions to unemployment,



energy, etc., but whether he is an elephant or an ass.

Carolyn Walker  
Sacramento, Calif.

Doesn't anyone see that we have two mediocre candidates brought on by an American mediocrity?

We, the "Silent Majority," are frightened about our livelihood and our future; we are afraid to protest—to rock the boat. So we look to Jimmy who promises to give all of us what we're seeking, although we know he can't produce, or to Big Daddy Jerry who may have enough influence with big business to keep us working.

Mary Ann Larssen  
North Miami, Fla.

### Barber's Gauge

Dr. James David Barber's theories of assessing character and thereby predicting presidential performance [Oct. 4] leave out some major factors (political philosophy for one), but we ignore his ideas at our risk.

Using his model, it seems clear that Ford is "passive-positive." The big question is whether Carter is "active-posi-

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4:25 p.m.	5:20 p.m.	
5:35 p.m.	6:31 p.m.	Snack
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## FORUM

tive" (which he claims to be) or "active-negative" (which he sometimes shows signs of being). If the former, then he might just be one of the best Presidents ever; if the latter, then we are probably a lot safer with Ford.

Daniel B. Baker  
Arlington, Va.

## Dr. Mead's Rx

How interesting that Anthropologist Mead would urge Carter to stress "style over substance" [Oct. 4]. If Dr. Mead were to view some old newsreels showing Hitler addressing one of his Nürnberg rallies, she would see this concept carried to perfection.

George Sonnenschein  
San Diego

When one is left without substance, the only alternative is style.

Jon La Falce  
Marquette, Mich.

As an American living outside the U.S. I have this to say about my country's preoccupation with a presidential "personality" contest instead of issues: phooey. Has a man's "aura" ever run the country?

Dana Fossum  
Konnerud, Norway

## The Three-Dimensional Man

I thought "Jimmy's Mixed Signals" [Oct. 4] excellently focused on the things that intrigue me the most about Jimmy Carter. He is facile and clever, awkward and honest. He is at once an amazingly capable politician and a man who says the most revealing unpolitician-like things about lust.

What is Jimmy Carter? The answer has become increasingly obvious: he's a human being. I'm a conservative by nature, but I'm so tired of incompetent zombies and forked-tongued manipulators inhabiting my White House, I'm going to go out and vote Carter for President. It would be nice to have a three-dimensional man in charge for a change.

Paul Bunning  
Spokane, Wash.

The aspirant from Georgia, for all that he says, remains an enigma. Such was bound to happen perhaps, especially in a culture that has reduced the human soul to the simplicities of a McDonald's hamburger.

James M. Decker  
Holt, Mich.

## Blood or the Shuttle

There's no reason why Vorster [Oct. 4] should be pug-nosing in the affairs of Rhodesia, as if to say he is not facing the same problems as Smith.

I believe victory for Rhodesian blacks as well as for those of South Af-

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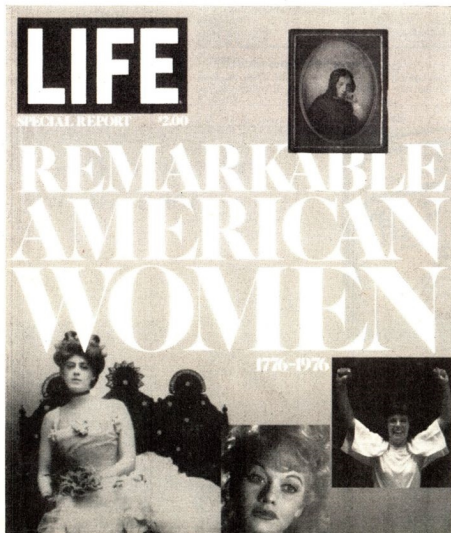
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*To the rebel analyst who  
dared defy Freud...*

*From the secretary who became  
chairman of the board...*

*To the pilot whose  
last flight became a legend...*



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## FORUM

rica will only be achieved at the expense of "blood and iron," and not through the never fruitful shuttle diplomacy of America.

*Louis Njumbé  
Paris*

TIME's prize for the Most Asinine Act of the year should go to Henry Kissinger for his conference with Vorster on the fate of Rhodesia. At the same time, Vorster's police were shooting down blacks in the Union of South Africa.

*Pearl Robertson  
Lexington, Ky.*

What the hell is the matter with you Americans? Here is a man who has got Arabs talking with the Jews, capitalists with the two Communist powers, and now bitter blacks with uncompromising whites in South Africa. The man is amazing. Yet all you people want to do is sack him. However, when he becomes available, how about Kissinger for Secretary-General of the United Nations? It would add respect to that tarnished body.

*John A. Kraft  
De Lie, The Netherlands*

### Schorr's Word

The disposition of the case against Daniel Schorr [Oct. 11], as so often hap-

pens, ignored all the troublesome questions raised by his actions.

The issue was and is whether newsmen like Schorr can unilaterally declassify documents; whether their judgment will supersede that of the House of Representatives (to name just one entity); and whether "confidentiality of sources" will replace "national security" as the last refuge of scoundrels.

*David H. Andrusko  
Minneapolis*

Thank you, Daniel Schorr: you are an honorable man—a rapidly vanishing breed. A man's word is all he really owns; how dare they ask a man to break his word?

*Jo-Ann C. Dixon  
Glen Ridge, N.J.*

### Typical Swede

I cannot agree with the Social Democratic politician [Oct. 4] who regards "clever, honest" Fälldin as typically Swedish. The typical 20th century Swede is Olof Palme: arrogant, neurotic and vociferously anti-American.

*H.J. Adams  
Westboro, Mass.*

### Whose Episcopal Church?

There was a time when the Episcopal Church [Oct. 4] commanded at-

tention whenever it spoke out on matters. But now—with weak-willed bishops, priestesses and a collapse of apostolic discipline—what can one expect?

We have joined the great number of members who have left this shaky church and joined a stable, no-foolishness church—the Catholic Church.

*John Alcorn & Family  
San Francisco*

Whoever wrote the report about the Episcopal Church's General Convention in Minneapolis received an impression very different from that of the majority of us who were part of that convention's process. The article's claim, for example, that "the Protestant side took firm control of the church" is really ludicrous. Many bishops and deputies who voted to allow dioceses to ordain women as priests are to be counted in the "Catholic" camp, and would simply regard themselves as allies with the 1,150 Roman Catholic priests who wrote to us, urging us to take the step we took.

Shame on TIME for such a slanted and sour article.

*(Bishop) John M. Krumm  
Cincinnati*

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**But did you know I have 99  
homes away from home."**

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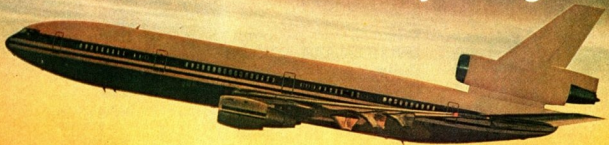
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**"Great! I was on a 10."**

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CARTER &amp; ROSALYNN LAUGH IT UP IN CHICAGO; THE CANDIDATE IN MILWAUKEE



MICHAEL MORCIA



MAKING A POINT IN NEW YORK

## AMERICAN NOTES

### Looking Ahead

In the view of the doomsayers, time is fast running out for this plundered planet. By the turn of the century, they argue, its once plentiful resources will be nearing exhaustion. That gloomy forecast has been increasingly disputed of late, and it takes another knock in a report soon to be published by the United Nations Department of Economic and Social Affairs. After three years of analysis, a team of economists headed by Nobel Prizewinner Wassily Leontief has concluded that world resources can support a growing population well into the 21st century. Global abundance will also permit higher standards of living without destroying the environment.

This prediction assumes that certain changes will take place by the year 2000. Third World countries, for example, are expected to double or treble agricultural output. Another assumption is that North America and Japan will double aid to Third World nations and accept more exports from them. Even if such changes prove slow in coming, there is at least some cause for cheer in the suggestion that the globe's natural treasures may not run out as soon as the pessimists have forecast.

### Surrender in Dixie

Since 1918, the highest-flying flag atop the capitol dome on Montgomery's Goat Hill has been the Alabama state flag. Since 1961, the Confederate battle flag has usually flown below it. The Stars and Stripes? On a separate flagpole, lower than the other two. Blacks have long protested this positioning as a symbol of resistance to integration.

It was only appropriate, then, that

Old Glory last week was finally elevated to its rightful position by another symbol of Dixie's resistance. With no fanfare, Governor George Wallace ordered the Stars and Stripes placed atop the capitol dome flagpole, with the Alabama banner beneath it and the Confederate standard in the lowest position. The action, said State Archivist Milo Howard, was "a gesture of friendliness to 25% to 30% of our population."

### No Soft-Pedaling

The police in Richfield, Minn. (pop. 50,000) have handed out no fewer than 2,500 traffic tickets this year—but not for automobile offenses. The town is a bicycle trap. Cyclists who run lights, go the wrong way on one-way streets or ride two to a bike are asking for a summons. There is no soft-pedaling. Adults pay fines up to \$100; kids go to "bike court" for lectures on safe cycling.

The crackdown came after two children were killed last year on their bikes. Five cops, assigned full time to the bike beat last summer, give chase to offenders on bikes of their own. "You can't just tell kids to be careful and let it go at that," says Patrolman Ron Holt, who heads the bike squad. "You have to have safety programs with teeth." Since the bike accident rate in Richfield has dropped from 35 in 1975 to seven so far this year, several other Minnesota communities have begun to put the brakes on wayward cyclists.

### Show Biz or News Biz?

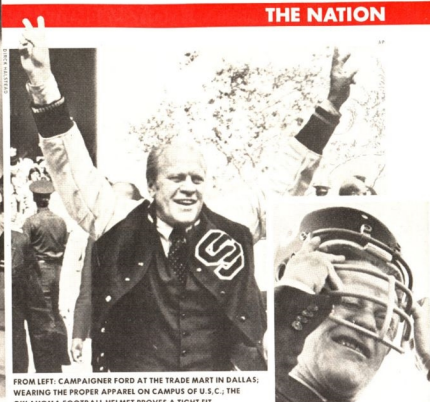
Are TV newscasters journalists or entertainers? The denizens of the print world, squinting over their reconditioned typewriters at the six-figure (and lately even seven-figure) superstars of TV news, are not the most impartial

judges of the subject. Let a member of the judiciary, with no ax to grind, review the question.

That is what Judge Martin B. Stecher of the New York State Supreme Court has done in a case involving Jim Bouton, a baseball pitcher turned TV sportscaster (and now TV series actor). In 1971 Bouton enlivened one of his news spots by taking an interview with Alex Webster, then the coach of the stumbling New York Giants football team, and running part of it backward on the air with no sound. Webster was not amused by the gimmick, which made him look like a demented Donald Duck. Claiming that he had been portrayed as a "dullard and a stupid person," he sued Bouton for \$3 million.

Judge Stecher threw out Webster's plea, saying that Bouton, in expressing his opinion, was protected by the First Amendment. As for Webster's contention that First Amendment guarantees did not apply because Bouton intended to entertain rather than inform, Stecher ruled that the line between the two was simply "too elusive" to define. The judge did concede, however, that "television is essentially an entertainment medium, and its news personnel are often as much entertainers as reporters." Next case.





FROM LEFT: CAMPAIGNER FORD AT THE TRADE MART IN DALLAS; WEARING THE PROPER APPAREL ON CAMPUS OF U.S.C.; THE OKLAHOMA FOOTBALL HELMET PROVES A TIGHT FIT

## THE CAMPAIGN

## Bitter, Not Better, Down the Stretch

When Gerald Ford was cleared last week of allegations that he had mishandled congressional campaign funds, the relieved President was moved to express hope that now the campaign would rise "to a level befitting the American people." But the campaign level seems more likely to sink than to soar. With only two weeks remaining, millions of voters are still struggling to make up their minds, and Ford and Jimmy Carter have been trying to win them by focusing with increasing acerbity on each other's character and competence.

At the very televised news conference that he summoned to trumpet Special Prosecutor Charles Ruff's declaration that charges against him were groundless (see following story), the President attacked Carter for having "slandered" the good name of the U.S. in their last debate and repeated his vastly exaggerated claims that Carter, as President, would increase Government spending by at least \$100 billion and boost taxes for everyone earning more than \$14,000 a year. At almost the same moment, Carter was promising he would "never" boost taxes on wages or salaries, a pledge that could prove tough to keep. Though Carter muted his harsh

rhetoric of the previous week, he nonetheless characterized the past two Republican Administrations as "wasteful," "incompetent," "ineffective" and "fuzzy-headed." So much for the high road.

Ford strategists are, in fact, convinced that the President must abandon any above-the-battle posture and more and more make Carter the issue. The polls released last week had Ford trailing by five to eight percentage points, which, if they hold, translate into a Carter landslide. They doubtless reflected news of the previous week—Ford's toughest—marked by the debate loss to Carter and the resignation under fire of Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz.

**Eight Blunders.** Certainly Ford has been fighting back since then. He virtually hissed Carter's name at a Republican fund raiser in California, urging listeners to "just ask your friends in Georgia about him," and told a Texas audience: "You just can't believe that man." Whistlestopping through Illinois, Ford said: "Jimmy Carter will say anything, anywhere to become President." At another point, he said with extravagant alliteration: "He wanders, he wavers, he waffles and he wiggles." In this

week's final debate, Ford is prepared to claim that Carter has had to apologize for no fewer than eight blunders during the campaign, including his "ethnic purity" remark and his suggestion that church properties be taxed. The Ford camp believes his declaration will effectively offset any Carter reference to Ford's gaffe on Eastern Europe.

With the cloud over his personal probity dispersed, Ford's major problem now is the slowdown in the economy. The nervous stock market has dropped 8% in the past three weeks. This week the Government is expected to report that the growth rate in the gross national product slowed to about 4% in the third quarter, down from 9.2% in the first quarter and 4.5% in the second. The Consumer Price Index for September—also due out this week—is expected to show some improvement but with inflation continuing. Ford may well be apprehensive about economic news coming out almost to Election Day; the Index of Leading Indicators will be released on Oct. 29, four days before the voting. Already Ford is haunted by the decline in the real earnings of production workers so far this year. When they have less money in their pockets, work-



"I believe in farm supports."

ers tend to place the blame on whoever is in the White House.

In blatantly political appeals for the votes of farmers and Jews, the President used the muscle of his office last week. Just before a weekend trip to the farm belt, he ordered grain price supports boosted, despite a declaration 24 hours earlier by a Department of Agriculture senior economist that there was "no economic justification" for any increases. Ford also agreed to the sale of previously prohibited compression bombs and other sophisticated weaponry to Israel, startling State Department and Pentagon experts, who were not consulted. Of course, Carter has pitched for those same votes by calling for increases in the grain price supports and strong military backing for Israel.

**A Stir.** Ford also faces some embarrassment from comments of his insensitive Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General George Brown. He is quoted in an interview to be published next week as calling Israel "more of a burden than an asset" to the U.S. The gist of his remarks was leaked to newspapers in Israel and has already created a stir there. Brown was interviewed for King Features by Cartoonist-Writer Raanan Lurie. The general got in trouble before, when he ignorantly suggested that Jews control American banks and newspapers and thus exert an undue influence on Government policies.

For Carter, the week had more pluses than minuses. The Democratic National Committee has registered more than 3 million voters in 14 targeted states—twice the goal. The drive's focus was on groups that vote overwhelmingly Democratic: blacks, Hispanic Americans, low-income whites and young people. Registration is up substantially throughout Carter's South. Elsewhere registration drives have been conducted largely by labor unions, black groups and other pro-Carter activists.

Though he has plainly bottomed out

after his September slump, Jimmy Carter remains Jimmy Carter's most formidable foe, fully capable of again blowing a lead by new gaffes or by continuing displays of a mean streak that seems strangely at odds with his repeated professions of love and compassion. CBS Commentator Eric Sevareid last week noted Carter's "instinct for the deliberate insult, the loaded phrase and the broad innuendo." Columnist Joseph Kraft accused him of "overkill" and a "compulsion to humiliate and crush the President." Fearing a pro-Ford backlash, Carter changed course for a couple of days last week, adopting a somewhat less strident campaign style. By week's end, he was again flailing away at Ford. In a sharp telegram to the President, he demanded that Ford stop misrepresenting his position on several issues, most notably federal spending, the defense budget and taxes. Ford, after sending a telegram to Carter in reply, told an audience in Lincoln, Ill.: "There is some confusion on exactly where he does stand. I am delighted to help him clarify his programs."

Unless he self-destructs, Carter, with his solid Southern electoral base, appears to be in a strong position to attain the goal he has pursued so single-mindedly for the past four years. But Independent Eugene McCarthy could siphon off enough liberal votes to cost Carter some crucial states (see story page 17). Other potential land mines:

► **The abortion issue.** Only a small minority would cast their votes solely on how the candidates stand on abortion. But they are concentrated in such states as Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and Illinois, and they could have an impact on a tight race. As one right-to-life leader argues: "We will demonstrate against Jimmy Carter. We will not demonstrate against President Ford." Actually, Ford's position on abortion is only marginally different from Carter's. The President favors a constitutional amendment to allow states to prohibit abortions, an idea given no realistic chance of being adopted. Carter opposes abortion but also opposes an amendment prohibiting it.

► **Campaign funds.** Carter enters the homestretch with only half as much campaign money as Ford—\$9.3 million, vs. \$18.3 million. While Carter spent heavily for travel and staff, the President confined himself to the White House. Late this week he plans to begin virtually nonstop travel, as well as a media blitz, for the closing days—notably in California, Texas, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Michigan—that Carter cannot match.

Carter views such difficulties with the serenity of a candidate who figures he has the election in hand. A full six days of the campaign's closing weeks will be spent at home in Plains, Ga. After all, a man contemplating a move to Washington wants to enjoy the old homestead to the fullest while he can.

## Lifting the Cloud

Gerald Ford was ebullient. With justifiable satisfaction, the President called a televised press conference—his first since February—to drive home the point that he had been cleared by Watergate Special Prosecutor Charles Ruff of any possible charge of illegality in the handling of his congressional campaign funds since 1964. "The special prosecutor has finally put this matter to rest once and for all," declared Ford. Indeed, Ruff had said flatly: "The matter has now been closed."

An allegation that Ford had put political funds in his own pocket had been lodged with the FBI last July by an undisclosed informer. It had hung unfairly over the President's campaign, casting doubt on his reputation for integrity. The informer had passed along the rumor that Ford had illegally used contributions given to two Kent County Republican committees in Michigan by two unions: the National Marine Engineers Beneficial Association and the Seafarers International Union.

**No Vendetta.** Ruff's clearing statement said that the FBI had examined records of the Michigan committees and the two unions, both of which are heavy political contributors (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*). Officials of those groups had been interviewed. At Ruff's request, Ford had supplied financial records and authorized Ruff to examine an audit of his finances for the years 1967-72 made by the Internal Revenue Service and the Congressional Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation. Concluded Ruff: "The evidence developed during this investigation was not corroborative of the allegation on which it was pre-

THE PRESIDENT AT NEWS CONFERENCE





# Over the President

icated. Nor did evidence... give reason to believe that any other violations of law had occurred."

Had Ford been the victim of a political plot to smear him? Apparently not. As one investigator told TIME, "Right from the start, everyone was very sensitive to that possibility. But there never was any indication of a political vendetta." Ruff concluded that there was "no apparent motive" of the informer "to fabricate." TIME has also learned that the informer was not directly connected with either of the two unions. But he was once in a position to know the internal affairs of at least one of them.

Considering the accusing tone of some reporters, Ford handled other questions involving his personal finances with surprising good humor. Asked how he had managed to get along on something like \$5 in pocket money per week in 1972, as his recently disclosed IRS audit indicated, Ford replied: "I write checks." He explained away his withdrawal of \$1,167 from his Fifth District bank account, which contained political contributions and fees from speaking engagements, for a 1972 family vacation trip to Vail, Colo. The President reiterated that he had promptly reimbursed the account by writing a check, even though he had not deposited it until his next payday, because his personal account was apparently overdrawn. Said Ford with a smile: "I think a few people in this country have written checks and then waited until the end of the month and then mailed the checks."

**Other Allegations.** The President claimed he had also promptly repaid his Fifth District account for the use of \$871.44 in 1972 to buy some clothing for himself and Wife Betty to wear at the 1972 Republican Convention. (Presidential Press Secretary Ron Nessen later corrected him, saying that only the cost of the plane tickets had been repaid.) Though no crime had ever been alleged in either expense, both violated the House Code of Official Conduct, which directs that campaign and personal funds be kept clearly separated.

Ford was not yet free of two other allegations. One, which seemed far-fetched, nevertheless remained on Ruff's desk. It was the three-year-old assertion by William Perry, a former assistant to the president of the National Maritime Union, that the N.M.U. made regular secret monthly payments to a number of Congressmen, including Ford. Ruff must decide whether his office will pursue this apparently wild allegation.

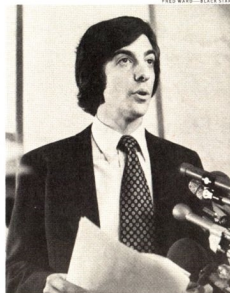
At his press conference, Ford was surprisingly evasive about the second lingering matter. It is the old question of whether he had acted in response to the urging of Richard Nixon's aides in effectively aborting an early investigation, in 1972, by Texas Congressman Wright Patman's Banking Committee

into the Watergate bugging-burglary. Ford has readily conceded that he did help persuade Republicans on the committee to deny subpoena power for the planned investigation, thereby crippling it. But he denied at his vice-presidential confirmation hearings in 1973 that he had acted under White House direction. Even if he had, it would have been routine and reasonable for Ford, who was House Republican leader at the time, to do so because the Patman probe would have been politically embarrassing to the G.O.P. Ford then presumably had no knowledge that the White House was trying to cover up its own criminal involvement in Watergate.

At his confirmation hearings Ford claimed that he had "never talked" to Nixon or Aides H.R. Haldeman, John

talbath about the Patman matter with Cook, and claimed that Cook had reported to him at least six times on his conversations with Ford about the Patman investigation. Cook, now a Washington lobbyist for Lockheed Corp., called Dean's charges "vicious lies." Although asked twice about the Dean charges, Ford declined to deny directly that he had talked to Cook about the subject, again standing on his testimony in the hearings. If Ford had not spoken with Cook, it seemed odd that he was unwilling to make this clearer.

Three House Democrats (Michigan's John Conyers, New York's Elizabeth Holtzman and Wisconsin's Henry Reuss) last week asked Ruff to examine tape recordings of Nixon's phone conversations and meetings with Ford



LOBBYIST RICHARD COOK IN LOCKHEED OFFICE

An odd refusal to directly deny new charges about old actions.



FORMER AIDE WILLIAM TIMMONS

Ehrlichman and John Dean about the Patman inquiry. He testified that he could "not recall" any conversations about it with William Timmons, then Nixon's legislative aide, or anyone else in Timmons' office. Later in the hearings Ford said more flatly, "I did not discuss the action that I took... with Mr. Timmons or anybody else." Last week Ford refused to go beyond those statements, noting that since he was approved as Vice President by substantial votes in two committees, his word had been accepted.

But that evasive stand missed the point that those committees had been unaware of either the existence of a White House taping system or new claims made last week by Dean. He charged on the NBC *Today* show that Ford had repeatedly discussed the Patman problem with Richard Cook, a Timmons aide. Dean later named some 15 specific dates between Sept. 6 and Oct. 12, 1972, on which, he said, he had

in the fall of 1972, roughly three months after the Watergate break-in. A previously released White House tape indicates that Nixon directed his aides to get Ford to help kill the Patman study. "Jerry has really got to lead on this," Nixon told Haldeman and Dean on Sept. 15, 1972. Conyers called on Ruff to listen to tapes after Sept. 15 (they are in Government custody but most remain unexamined) to see if Nixon's White House had pressed Ford into service.

At week's end Ruff informed both Conyers and Holtzman that he did not intend to probe the matter. He suggested to Conyers that the subject should be pursued first with Attorney General Edward Levi. Conyers said he would turn to Levi. Holtzman claimed that perjury may have been committed by Ford and that "only the special prosecutor can resolve these questions." She urged him to reconsider. Having already weighed the matter, there was little likelihood that Ruff would do so.



"I give up... How many Gerald Fords does it take to screw in a light bulb?"

## Fighting for the Ethnic Vote

After listening to Mr. Ford, Polish Communist Party Chief Edward Gieriek died.

*How did he die?  
Of laughter.*

That not very funny Polish joke is even less of a laughing matter for Jerry Ford. It echoes his troubles among Polish Americans and other people of Eastern European descent who make up 10% or more of the population in such pivotal states as New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin. A loss of a relatively few ethnic votes in those battlegrounds could cost Ford dearly, and many of these voters were surprised and offended by his celebrated gaffe in the second debate with Jimmy Carter. "There is no Soviet domination of Eastern Europe," said the President ingeniously, adding that Poland is "independent and autonomous."

**Wounded Feelings.** Ford obviously did not mean what he said. But his remark wounded the feelings of many Polish Americans and others of Eastern European extraction. The postwar immigrants in particular are bitter about the oppression of Communism, and they are inclined to regard their homelands with much the same fervor that American Jews feel for Israel. While people now living in Eastern Europe have generally made their accommodation with the regimes, the immigrants—and many first- and second-generation Americans—remain unalterably opposed to Communism and await, however forlornly, its overthrow.

Until Ford committed his slip, the

ethnics had been moving into the Republican column. They are mostly Roman Catholics, who live in big cities, often hold blue-collar jobs—and are basically registered Democrats. In 1972, distrustful of George McGovern's far-out liberalism, a majority voted for Richard Nixon. More recently, they have been antagonized by Democratic positions on some key issues. Living in close-knit communities with a strong sense of family, ethnics generally take a hard line on crime, drugs, pornography and amnesty. They are increasingly uneasy with one other group in the Democratic coalition: blacks, who are competing with ethnics for declining jobs and services in the hard-pressed big cities of the Northeast and Midwest.

The ethnics are perhaps most dissatisfied with the Democratic Party for its position on abortion. While Ford supports a constitutional amendment to allow the states to outlaw abortion, Carter does not, though he personally is against abortion. Moreover, Carter is a Southern Baptist, and ethnics view that denomination suspiciously because of its anti-Catholicism in years past. Ford is also a devout Protestant (Episcopalian), but many ethnics feel more comfortable with him than with

## THE NATION

Carter because the President does not appear to make his religion so paramount.

The drift to Ford was abruptly stalled by his Polish remark. Said Congressman Dan Rostenkowski, an Illinois Democrat: "There was a revulsion on the part of people, many of whom still send clothes over there and go there two weeks every summer." Added Terry Gabinski, a Democratic alderman in Chicago: "Everywhere I go, I hear people talking about Carter being pro-abortion. Now I hear people saying they just can't believe the President said what he did." Invited to speak at a long-scheduled Polish American Congress dinner in Chicago last week, Bishop Alfred L. Abramowicz agonized over whether to attend because Jimmy Carter was the main guest. When he finally decided to go, he told the audience, "I find myself in a great dilemma tonight. My Catholic friends of Polish descent assembled here shout, 'Come sit and dine with us! My pro-life friends outside clamor, 'Come stand by us!' The bishop compromised by condemning both Communism and abortion, hailing 'God and country' and 'liberty and life.'"

**Wasting No Time.** Ethnic voters waited impatiently for a retraction from Ford, and many thought it was too long coming. Finally a delegation of 18 American ethnic leaders visited the White House at the invitation of the President. Afterward, Aloysius (Al) Masewski, president of the Chicago-based Polish National Alliance, announced that he was satisfied. "What I wanted Ford to say was that it was a mistake."

Ford did that. "The original mistake

GREETED BY CHILDREN IN SLOVAK DRESS IN YONKERS





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## THE NATION

was mine," he said. "I did not express myself clearly; I admit it." The President also promised to sign a veterans' bill, sought by Polish Americans for 30 years, that would grant medical benefits to Poles and Czechs now living in America who fought under the Allied command in World Wars I and II. Wasting no time, Ford put his signature on the bill in a Rose Garden ceremony, while cameras rolled and ethnic representatives beamed.

Later, at his press conference, he returned to the subject of Eastern Europe: "Now we concede for the time being that the Soviet Union has that military power there, but we subscribe to the hopes and aspirations of the courageous Polish people and their relations in the U.S." Had he gone far enough to win back the ethnic voters? On the surface, it appeared that he had. Campaigning in the East last week, he ran into no heckling in ethnic neighborhoods. In Yonkers, N.Y., he was cheered by crowds waving SLOVAK AMERICANS FOR FORD signs. In Union, N.J., he was greeted with signs proclaiming JA CIE KOCHAM (Polish for "I love you"). But these were largely Republican areas. Ethnic groups who continue to resent his statement may be less visible, though just as capable of going to the polling booth. As Masewski concedes, "There will be certain segments who will continue to blame him. There are some who don't believe in forgiving."

**Shattered Faith.** Among them may be many Hungarians, who are ardently anti-Communist. Laszlo Moggyorossy, head of the freedom-fighter veterans of the 1956 Hungarian uprising, believes that Ford's remark actually reflected American policy toward Eastern Europe, which he feels has been written off in the name of détente with the Soviet Union. Said he: "We should have known all along we were right. Our faith in the Republican Party is shattered." The Hungarian-American Republican National Federation met last week to reconsider its endorsement of Ford. Its leaders did not withdraw support, but they sent a sharp letter to the President demanding the dismissal of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and a revision of the Helsinki agreement, in which the U.S. acknowledged the current borders in Eastern Europe.

While ethnics were genuinely indignant and apprehensive about Ford's remarks, their reaction has been self-serving to a degree. They, too, are pursuing a political strategy, and the President in a sense did them a favor. Says Masewski: "There's an old Polish saying—'There isn't anything so bad that it doesn't turn out for the good.' That is what has happened here. This has brought the attention of the American people to the struggle for a free Poland." Ford had inadvertently dramatized the cause of the ethnic groups while damaging, at least momentarily, his own election chances.

## INDEPENDENTS

### Will Gene Be the Spoiler?

If nothing else, Eugene McCarthy is having a bit of fun running for the presidency as an independent. Earlier this month, for example, the former Democratic Senator from Minnesota did what no orthodox candidate ever does: he unveiled his prospective Cabinet.

McCarthy said he would name former North Carolina Governor Terry Sanford to head a combined State and Defense Department; Boston's Mayor Kevin White to oversee the Justice Department and the IRS; former Interior Secretary Walter Hickel, a Republican, to direct the Interior and Agriculture departments; Howard Stein, president of the Dreyfus Fund, to tackle the Treasury (minus, of course, the IRS); and Sam Shoen, president of the U-Haul company, to manage Commerce, Labor and Transportation. McCarthy said he would keep Housing and Urban Development Secretary Carla Hills and Transportation Secretary William Coleman in his Administration. For good measure, McCarthy said, he would name Harvard Sociologist David Riesman (*The Lonely Crowd*) to the Supreme Court and would hire former Senator J. William Fulbright "in some capacity."

**Deepening Impact.** McCarthy's puckish byplay, however, could not disguise the deepening impact of his campaign—especially for Democratic Nominee Jimmy Carter. McCarthy's name is now on the ballot in 30 states with a total of 356 electoral votes. National polls have placed his strength between 3% and 12%. TIME's Yankelovich survey in early October gave McCarthy 7%, a significant figure in a close Ford-Carter finish. A Field survey made two weeks ago in California showed McCarthy winning 10% of the vote in that state on a write-in basis (he is not on the ballot).

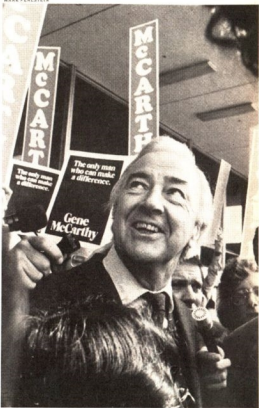
McCarthy does not claim he is going to win the election. Even his professed hope of capturing four or five states is farfetched. Nonetheless he plans to spend the rest of the race concentrating on nine states where he has a substantial following among liberal Democrats and independents—Massachusetts, New York, Wisconsin, Oregon, Michigan, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine and California. That strategy looks as if it is designed to maximize the damage to Carter, and McCarthy seems almost to relish the role of wreckers. He says almost gleefully to applauding audiences: "I've been accused of being a spoiler. Well, how can you spoil this election when there's nothing to spoil?"

Tall and nattily dressed in conservative suits, the white-haired McCarthy, 60, insists that he has ignited a new kind of political movement in the nation. Since July 1974, when he helped found the Committee for a Constitution-

al Presidency, he has managed to raise some \$300,000—mostly from his own lecture fees (at \$1,000 a talk), private donations and several mail appeals. Most of the money, however, has been spent simply to get himself on various ballots.

McCarthy's election appearances, often at college campuses, are drawing increasingly enthusiastic audiences. At Boston College last week, some 600 students squeezed into a small auditorium to hear him. At the University of Wis-

MARK PERLSTEIN



CANDIDATE EUGENE MCCARTHY  
Relishing the wrecker's role.

consin's Madison campus, 3,000 people gave him a standing ovation.

In his speeches, McCarthy calls for less powerful cars to reduce gas consumption, a shortening of overtime to increase the number of jobs, subjecting big corporations to social controls rather than breaking them up. He is suing to be included in this week's final debate between Ford and Carter (prospect: unlikely). Despite McCarthy's complaints that the U.S. press refuses to take an independent campaign seriously, the fact is that he is not an easy man to cover. Some reporters have tried to pursue him on his meandering trips and got lost at his rallies; TV correspondents have also discovered that he will not answer com-



## THE NATION

plicated questions with glib answers suitable for 30-sec. news spots.

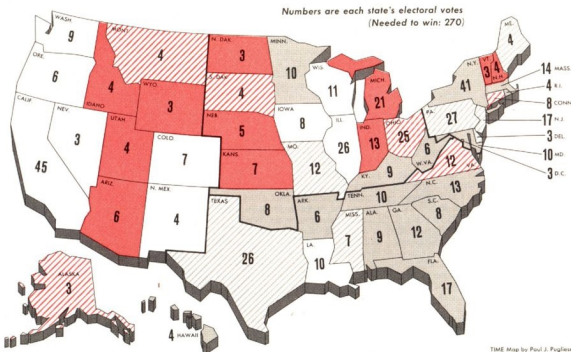
McCarthy's biggest objection is to the Federal Election Campaign Act. The law, he claims, has crippled his ability to rent phone banks because they require a huge advance cash deposit. Last year, along with New York's Republican Senator James Buckley and ten others, he tried to overturn the law—with only partial success. Still, McCarthy

places most of the blame for his plight on the two major parties. Having only Democratic and Republican candidates as realistic choices, he says, is "like saying we have two established religions. Pick one or the other. This is religious freedom?"

Even though McCarthy has no chance, his candidacy frightens many Democrats, who argue that a vote for him is a vote for Ford. McCarthy re-

mains unfazed. He talks about how his independent challenge has already overturned 14 state election laws and opened up the election process for the future. Says he: "You don't really judge everything you do in politics by whether you win or not, you know." His battle may in the end play some role in reshaping election laws—but not, it seems, before roughing up Jimmy Carter's own drive for the presidency.

## WHO'S AHEAD STATE BY STATE



TIME Map by Paul J. Foglia

**E**ntering the stretch, the election race remains close and volatile. Soundings by TIME correspondents produced the following state-by-state analysis of who was ahead in the presidential contest on Oct. 16:

**THE EAST.** Jimmy Carter has widened his lead in New York and is ahead in Maryland, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and the District of Columbia. New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maine are leaning to Carter, but his margin in those states is slim, and they could turn at the drop of a gaffe. President Ford runs ahead in Vermont and New Hampshire. Connecticut is leaning toward Ford.

**THE SOUTH.** Carter has blunted Ford's attempted foray into the region and increased his own leads since the second debate, in part because of the President's mistake on Eastern Europe and the Earl Butz controversy. The Georgian runs ahead in Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Florida. Mississippi and Texas lean toward Carter, and a Republican poll now has Carter leading in the Lone Star State 51% to 45%. The contest is neck

and neck in Louisiana, but Carter may break out ahead because Democratic Governor Edwin Edwards is putting his organization behind him. Ford has a razor-thin edge in Virginia.

**THE MIDWEST.** Carter is solid in Minnesota, West Virginia and Oklahoma as well as Kentucky, although the *Playboy* interview has hurt him in that state. He holds a narrow lead in Missouri. South Dakota and Ohio are leaning slightly to Ford. Carter is hurt in the Buckeye State by voter apathy and Eugene McCarthy. The President has more solid margins in Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, Nebraska and North Dakota. Illinois, Wisconsin and now Iowa—where Ford lost a thin lead last week because of the Butz affair—are rated toss-ups.

**THE WEST.** Ford is out front in Arizona, Utah, Idaho and Wyoming. Two states, Alaska and Montana, are leaning toward him. Carter is ahead only in Hawaii, and he has slipped there. California, Oregon, Washington, Colorado, New Mexico and Nevada remain too close to call.

# OPINION

## Those Fluttering, Stuttering Polls

To George Gallup, it is the most unpredictable presidential election in his four decades as a pollster. Says Daniel Yankelovich: "Voters are in complete conflict. They will tell you one thing today and something else tomorrow." Muses Louis Harris: "The voters out there are trying to tell us something." From all indications, their message may not be at all clear until they take part in the poll that matters most—the one on Nov. 2.

The ebb-and-flow character of opinion in 1976 has undeniably injected suspense into the campaign. But it also has intensified the hazards of voter sampling, producing wide disparities in the major polls and seriously unnerving the candidates and their chief strategists.

Perhaps most dramatic has been the plunge in Jimmy Carter's support. The Gallup poll showed him dropping from 62% (and a 33-point lead) in late July to 48% (a six-point margin) as of last week. Harris had him at 66% (a lead of 39 points) in July, which fell to 47% and a five-point edge last week. Yankelovich, who conducts opinion soundings for TIME, never gave Carter more than 48% and a ten-point lead, and right after the first debate had him running dead even with Gerald Ford.

**Inevitable Descent.** Carter's decline, however, is rather readily explained. Both Gallup and Harris gave Carter his biggest lead immediately after the Democratic National Convention in July, when his visibility was highest and when Ford was trying to fend off the challenge of Ronald Reagan. Yankelovich gave Carter 48% to Ford's 38% in April, and a 47% to 38% edge in June. The next Yankelovich poll in late August gave Carter 46%, Ford 40%. Gallup and Harris surveys taken at about the same time reflected Carter's inevitable

descent from the heights, although both still gave him a substantial lead. All three polls had detected the same, expected national trend away from Carter and toward Ford.

The variations in the most recent samplings can be accounted for by the standard margin for error in opinion surveys (3 points), by differences in polling techniques and by the fact that Gallup and Harris polled after the second debate, in which Carter did well. Also, Yankelovich does not try to push those who seem genuinely undecided into saying how they are leaning, while Gallup and Harris sometimes do. Thus the percentage of undecided in Yankelovich polls is generally larger. On the other hand, both Gallup and Harris try to weed out those who indicate that they are unlikely to vote.

But the greatest hazard for pollsters has been the volatility of the electorate in a year when neither major party candidate commands an unswerving loyal national constituency. Thus relative trivialities (Carter's remarks to *Playboy* about lust, Ford's golfing trips from his congressional days) may prompt voters with a soft allegiance to one candidate to shift to an equally transient preference for the other. The debates have contributed heavily to the volatility—Ford gained after the first, Carter after the second—which underscores the importance of this week's third debate.

George Gallup, now 74, is still somewhat startled by the virtual evaporation of Carter's once-commanding lead, the largest such loss his organization has ever reported for a presidential candidate. Now Gallup sees indications that "Carter may be recouping his losses." The polls have "fluttered and stuttered," he says, because neither candidate has much stature in the minds of the voters

—a fact that Gallup believes may result in an extremely low voter turnout next month. He argues that while Carter was seen as a conservative in the primaries, he appears more liberal when pitted against Ford. Says Gallup: "We are finding a strong trend to the conservative position not just in the U.S. but in the entire Western world." Gallup also thinks television, which shows both candidates "doing uninteresting things day after day," has turned off many voters and left others undecided.

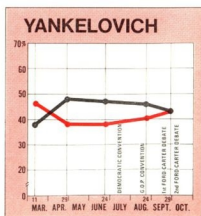
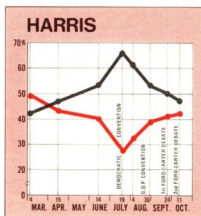
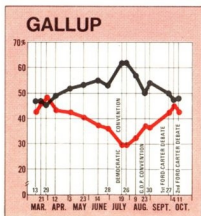
**Inner Conflict.** Yankelovich stresses that a few days' difference in the polls can account for sizable variations. He also contends that there are two types of electorates: one that makes its mind up and stays put, as in 1972, when 60% of the voters had decided to support Richard Nixon before Labor Day; and the 1976 voters, who "are very unsure," torn by "inner conflicts" and who thus respond to a Ford gaffe one day, a Carter gaffe the next. "People are uneasy about Carter and find Ford an acceptable alternative," says Yankelovich. He emphasizes, as do Gallup and Harris, that polls are not supposed to predict future results. "The figures can only tell you how the voters feel at a given moment in time," he says, and the voters may not feel that way on Election Day.

Harris, who agrees with Gallup that the winner may well be determined by the size of the voter turnout, notes that polls have been marked less by zigzagging than by a persistent Carter decline. But the situation is so fluid that he plans to continue polling through Oct. 31 or even Nov. 1, the day before the election. "I feel that this election will be very close right down to the wire," says Harris. "But I don't think we are helpless in finding out what's going on."

Harris is undoubtedly correct. But a skeptical electorate can be depended upon to baffle the pollsters—and the politicians—until the ballots that will allow for no further shifting of views are counted the night of Nov. 2.

## HOW THE POLLS ARE DOING

— FORD — CARTER



TIME Chart / The Charnmacks, Inc.

## TIME CITIZENS' PANEL

## Support with Serious Reservations

The election may be near, but the race is far from over. Democrat Jimmy Carter has edged back in front of President Ford, but only slightly. The number of voters who are still undecided, or who are supporting candidates only with serious reservations, is amazingly large: roughly 1 out of 2.

Those are the chief conclusions of the second TIME Citizens' Panel conducted by the public-opinion research firm of Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc. Last month TIME published the results of the first survey, taken among 300 voters chosen at random from a national cross section of 1,500 people. To

examine the changing—or unchanging—reactions to the campaign, Yankelovich went to 303 other voters between Oct. 8 and 10, after the second debate.

The panelists—like many American voters—felt the campaign lacked excitement and inspiration. At best they were watching it with the cool appraisal of a professional handicapper sizing up a match race. Almost 9 out of 10 were following the campaign closely but without any feelings of fervor or commitment. Many grumbled about the lack of real differences between the two combatants. Said Salesman Randy Lipton, a Ford man from Croton-on-Hudson,

N.Y.: "Carter is saying nothing, and Ford is doing nothing."

**THE SECOND DEBATE.** Though Carter lost the first debate in the view of 8 out of 10 panelists, he was seen as the clear victor in the second round. Eight out of 10 Carter supporters thought their man had won; most Ford supporters saw it as a draw. Carter came through as strong, forceful and aggressive. According to 1 out of 3 panelists who felt the Democratic nominee won, Carter gained on personality and style, as well as his stands; 2 out of 3 singled out his knowledge. Ford got credit for his knowledge, less for his personality or positions. The debate reassured some Carter backers who were wavering because of their nominee's fuzziness.

**VIEWES ON CARTER.** The second debate notwithstanding, only 1 out of 5

## THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

## No Place for a Man to Hide

Does Jimmy Carter really think that a President can "hide in the White House" as he has accused Jerry Ford of doing? If so, Carter is in for a rude shock should he get the job.

A President may avoid reporters' questions for a time, but events claw at

him 24 hours a day. There is no escape. "The whole damned world ends up on the White House threshold," sighed a Ford aide last week. At about that moment Ford was down in the basement, sleeve rolled up, getting his swine-flu shot to demonstrate it was safe. Three elderly people had died in Pennsylvania after receiving the shot, and doubts about the program were immediately directed at the White House. HEW Secretary David Mathews flagged the President's Washington staff, which informed the campaigning Ford. The President devised his tactics of reassurance while on the fly.

There are, of course, tremendous advantages to incumbency. Good news is shamelessly trumpeted, crop supports and weapons for Israel and Government contracts are turned into political capital. The President has at his command legions of aides, a nearly flawless transportation system, a highly sophisticated communications network.

But even the most normal actions may be judged political in the campaign season. Unusual actions, like the mass flu inoculations, are subject to deep suspicion and intense scrutiny. There are bills to be signed or vetoed, delegations seen and heard, world and national events commented on. Each day of a President's life is crowded with decisions that are statements of purpose and position. That record is fixed, not mere rhetoric that can be altered the next day.

It used to be assumed that while a President got blamed for bad news, he got compensating credit for good news. Some people now doubt that the equation still balances. This country is used to success. Thus, while a rising stock market is taken as an inherent right, a

nervous market becomes the President's baby.

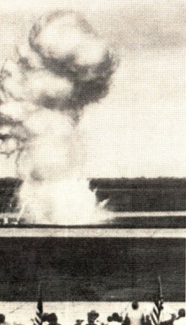
One day last week the genial Brent Scowcroft, Ford's national security adviser, was on the phone to the Pentagon. Did the Army engineers, he asked, create a fake mushroom cloud for a reenactment of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima put on in Texas by a bunch of antique-airplane buffs? The Japanese were outraged. It turned out, to Scowcroft's relief, that Army engineers were not involved. But for a few perilous moments it appeared that the White House might have another illegitimate founding on its doorstep.

Ford is held responsible for what happens now to China and southern Africa. Did the Soviet Union detonate, in underground tests, four nuclear weapons that exceed the agreed-upon 150-kiloton limit? Blame Ford, even though the U.S. cannot properly monitor such tests until the weapons-testing treaties are ratified by the Senate.

In its adjournment convulsion the Congress sent 190 bills to Ford's desk, each of which required action. He vetoed the bill designed to get more Indians into the Bureau of Indian Affairs. No wonder: to make room for Indians, the bill offered to retire all non-Indians over the age of 50 at full pension, a precedent that would have caused turmoil in the civil service. Nonetheless, the veto will anger some Indians.

Then there was the private bill for Mrs. Camilla Hester of Foley, Ala. She is a widow who has been unjustly denied a federal pension because of legal complexities. The bill contained a couple of quirks that would establish bad pension precedents. The President felt compelled to reject it with his 61st veto. Mrs. Hester, who has been leaning toward Ford in this campaign, allowed as how she was "disappointed." She seemed understanding. But who knows how Mrs. Hester and her family will vote on Nov. 2?

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## THE NATION

panelists thought Carter's capacity to handle foreign affairs was a strength. Many Carter supporters on the panel—as well as some Ford backers—mentioned Carter's closeness to the common man as one of his chief virtues. Said Maria Huilera, a teacher from San Antonio: "He's working for the working people. He's not for big business." Others cited his newness, his fresh ideas and his desire to reduce unemployment.

But 1 out of 2 Carter panelists was still not sure that Carter was the right man for the job. "We don't have the best man; we have the better man," said Truck Driver William Parker of Rocky Mount, N.C. The second debate helped to mute the criticism that Carter tends to overpromise and to be fuzzy on the issues (50% agreed with these charges in TIME's September report, only 33% after the second debate). Still, 3 out of 5 panelists were worried that he might increase spending at the taxpayer's expense. One out of 2 panelists agreed strongly or partially that there is "something about him I don't like." Said Charles Hochberg, a Carter backer from Orange, N.J.: "He has a hedgey way of talking about issues." Added Joseph J. Molinari, a Government worker from Willingboro, N.J.: "His smile bothers me. When someone smiles when talking about serious things, you think of them as being dishonest."

**VIEWS ON FORD.** Only a third considered Ford's personality a distinct asset; half felt this way about Carter. Both Ford's own supporters and Carter followers rated the President high on his experience and handling of foreign affairs. Said Bus Driver Harold Lloyd, a Ford supporter from Middleburg, N.Y.: "His assets are over 25 years in Government and two years as President. He's done a lot to help the American people." But only 4 out of 10 argued that his positions on domestic issues should earn a strong rating.

Ford's chief drawbacks: his lack of effectiveness, his weakness in leadership and his pardon of Nixon. Seven out of 10 panelists felt that Ford left the country's foreign affairs too much in Henry Kissinger's hands. A majority of his own supporters also thought his gaffe on Eastern Europe cost him needed votes. Commented Tony Gonzales, a student from El Paso: "Even my little brother knows Russia dominates these countries." Teacher's Aide Barbara Washington of Los Angeles, a Carter supporter, faulted the President for indecisiveness. "He should have taken quick action with Earl Butz."

**THE FINAL WEEKS.** The race appears to be back where it was a few weeks ago: a close contest, but with the Democrats holding the front position. Though Carter recaptured territory lost to Ford, he stood to lose some Democratic and Independent voters to Eugene McCarthy. Overall, however, Carter seemed to have recovered from his late September slump.



SENATORS DOLE & MONDALE WAVING TO CROWDS WHILE CAMPAIGNING



## THE RUNNING MATES

### Slugfest in a Houston Alley

They started with smiles and Senator Robert Dole saying that he hoped it would be a "fun evening." They ended with bitter exchanges and Senator Walter Mondale calling his opponent a "hatchet man." The debate last week between the two vice-presidential candidates—the first such session in the nation's history—turned out to be a tart and often engrossing display of political theater, a duel between two evenly matched men whose debating skills had been sharply honed during the wars on Capitol Hill. Both Mondale and Dole sometimes articulated the views of their top bananas more concisely and with better effect than Jimmy Carter and Jerry Ford had been able to do during their debates.

As expected, the exchanges in Houston's starkly modern Alley Theater introduced no new themes into the campaign. But the strongly liberal Democrat and the strongly conservative Republican did deal sharply, if too simplistically, with the basic issues of the election. There were even touches of humor as Dole got off some typical one-liners. He was induced to run for the vice presidency, he deadpanned at the start, because the job involved "indoor work and no heavy lifting."

Mondale overcame his initial nervousness and stiffness as the 75-minute session wore on, emphasized the Democrats' main domestic issues. "The question," he said, "is what will we do to deal with the human problems of America?" His answer, delivered with few explanatory details: Attack unemployment

(while still fighting inflation); reform taxes to "bring relief to the average income earner"; improve health care, housing, education and programs for the elderly. It was a more or less standard liberal Democratic shopping list. In reply, Dole said that the American people were turned off by "promises and promises and bigger and bigger spending programs and more and more inflation," which he called "the cruelest tax."

**The Bunny Vote.** On foreign policy, Dole stoutly defended Republican policies and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, a villain to the G.O.P. right wing and a man Carter has criticized for his "Lone Ranger" brand of statesmanship. Mondale argued vaguely for a more open foreign policy consistent with American democratic principles. He dragged in Ford's blunder about Eastern Europe's being free of Soviet domination. It was, he said, "probably one of the most outrageous statements made by a President in recent political history."

As the evening went on, the exchanges grew more and more acrimonious. "My opponent voted against Medicare—can you imagine?" asked Mondale. He also charged that Dole had tried to remove TV cameras from the Ervin committee hearings on Watergate. Dole, in turn, said that Mondale "wants to spend your money and tax and tax and spend and spend." Mondale, Dole wisecracked, was so completely under labor's thumb that AFL-CIO President George Meany was probably his makeup man. As for Carter, Dole said that the Democratic nom-



DOLE (RIGHT) LISTENS AS MONDALE SPEAKS IN HOUSTON'S ALLEY THEATER  
A tart and often engrossing display of political combat.

inee had three positions on every issue, which was why he had to have three debates with Ford. The Republican also brought up Carter's *Playboy* interview, noting, "We'll give him the bunny vote."

Probably the greatest gaffe of the evening—one that might have given Mondale an ultimate edge—was Dole's ill-considered remark that World War I, World War II, the Korean War and Viet Nam were all "Democrat wars" that killed 1.6 million Americans. Retorted Mondale: "I think Senator Dole has richly earned his reputation as a hatchet man tonight. Does he really mean to suggest that there was a partisan difference over our involvement ... to fight Nazi Germany?"

The two most vitally interested viewers of the televised debate, not surprisingly, came to quite different conclusions about the outcome. President Ford phoned Dole to say "You were superb. You were confident. You hit hard but hit fairly." Jimmy Carter told Mondale: "Fritz, you did great, man ... You didn't get small, you didn't get mean, you didn't get twisted in your approach."

**Campaign Gofers.** As the debate showed, Dole and Mondale are a bright pair of second bananas—hard-working, tough, loyal, reasonably reconciled to their status as glorified campaign gofers. They make an interesting contrast—old colleagues and old opponents from the Senate, Dole to the right of Ford, Mondale to the left of Carter.

Soldiering on, Dole has hit 36 states, Mondale 40. They bend the ear of everyone who will listen, undismayed by the fact that a Harris poll released earlier this month showed that many voters did not really know what they stood for—45% in the case of Mondale, 50% in the case of Dole.

Dole has managed to remain unruffled despite occasionally haphazard scheduling. Once he was stranded at a Kentucky horse farm for an hour, talking to a single man—the manager. The candidate tries to shrug it off. Asked if he had a campaign plan, Dole once said, "No, I just have an airplane."

Indeed, Dole's greatest asset on the stump has turned out to be his humor. But Ford did not select Dole as his running mate just for the laughs he might bring. A former G.O.P. national chairman, Dole can peel skin as well as tickle ribs. Dole accuses Carter of vaulting ambition and questions his "weird performance, his judgment" in the wake of the *Playboy* interview.

For all his wit, Dole can be a crashing bore when delivering prepared remarks. Speaking to the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco about the evils of entrusting the economy to Carter, Dole put the master of ceremonies to sleep, right at the head table. While the Senator can be charming in a small group, he has little rapport with the 20 or so reporters who ride in the back of the red, white and blue jet called the "Bob Dole Campaign Express."

In contrast, Mondale runs a much more relaxed operation. Having abandoned his own fling for the presidency in 1974 because, as he frankly admitted, he lacked the "overwhelming desire" to fight for the office, he is at ease as Carter's lieutenant. Both men are from small-town backgrounds; both are populists with an instinctive aversion to power elites.

Mondale's job is to build bridges between the Georgian and the main bastions of the party—the unions, the ethnics, the big-city liberals of the North. With his impeccable liberal credentials

## THE NATION

(an approval rating of 94% in 1975 from the Americans for Democratic Action), Mondale is waging an issues-oriented campaign, attacking Ford for mishandling the economy, ignoring social problems and doing the farmer dirt.

**"Minnesota Fritz."** Mondale's schedule is mapped out by the headquarters in Atlanta and his jet—known as the "Minnesota Fritz"—is in constant communication with Carter's "Peanut One." Even so, Mondale, as he emphasized in the debate, is free to differ with Carter on key issues. A case in point occurred in September when the Georgian criticized the Supreme Court under Chief Justice Earl Warren for going "too far" in protecting the accused—an attempt by Carter to woo Middle America. Mondale, a former attorney general of Minnesota, promptly praised the Warren Court for guarding the "constitutional rights of defendants."

As the campaign has proceeded, Mondale has become more relaxed. He has also displayed a sense of humor of his own. To labor audiences, Mondale says: "A working person who would vote Republican is like a chicken who would vote for Colonel Sanders." After Ford made his blunder about Eastern Europe, Mondale had a story for the occasion. "When I was in Poland, a cab driver explained to me how the system worked. 'We have a fifty-fifty deal with the Russians: we send them coal and they send us snow.'"

Unlike Dole, Mondale is at ease with correspondents. After a long day, he sometimes strolls—in his stocking feet—to the back of his jet to chat with the reporters stowed there. Earlier this month, he walked jauntily down the aisle with a copy of a Harris poll stuck ostentatiously in his dark blue vest. "Poll? What poll?" he asked with elaborate innocence, obviously delighted that the voters surveyed by Harris preferred him over Dole, 48% to 36%. Even in the South, where Mondale's liberal record had been expected to be an albatross, he outrated Dole, 48% to 37%.

Both Dole and Mondale boned up diligently for last week's debate. The Kansan spent seven or eight hours a day poring over a 1½-ft.-high stack of black-bound briefing books. Dole, who was fighting a cold, readily admitted that he was edgy, though once the cameras blinked on, it was he who seemed the more relaxed of the two. "Conservatives get a little nervous before the battle," he cracked. "Liberals never get nervous. They always vote yes." Appearing before a Tennessee audience, Dole downplayed the coming debate. "If you're not otherwise occupied," he said, "tune in. There'll be no commercial interruptions. No interruptions for anything. Probably nothing, period."

Dole was wrong: in its own way, the debate helped to enliven—and even to focus more sharply—the 1976 presidential campaign.



# MORE MUST BE DONE TO REMOVE THE FEAR OF WHAT IT COSTS TO BE SICK.

## **THERE IS A HEALTH CARE CRISIS IN AMERICA**

Medical costs are rising every day. Americans spent \$547 per capita last year for health care, a rise of 13% in twelve months. In 1965, the average hospital stay cost \$347. This year, the cost has risen to \$1,100. In the next four years, expenditures in this country for health care could increase by a staggering 100 billion dollars. The private life and health insurance companies of America believe that something must be done now to relieve this awesome and increasing burden, to make sure that all Americans can receive the health care they need, when they need it, at a cost each can afford.

## **WHAT WE'VE DONE**

The cost of health care for the American public is not a new issue. In our business, we have worked for years to remove the fear of the terrible cost of serious illness. Health coverage has improved enormously in recent years. 175,000,000 people in this country have some form of private health insurance. Over 149,000,000 are insured for catastrophic illness, in many cases with benefits as high as \$250,000 or more. The figures show that the private health insurance system in America works, and works hard.

The numbers are impressive and growing. But in the face of runaway medical costs, we don't think numbers are enough. A way must be found to control the cost of health care in an age when equipment and manpower are more expensive every day.

## **WHAT WE'RE DOING NOW**

- We actively support programs designed to restrain medical costs and improve the quality of health care.
- We support the expansion of professional standards review boards, to monitor the necessity for treatment and quality of care, not only for Medicare and Medicaid patients, but for everybody.
- We support programs which would require hospitals to justify their rates and charges year by year, to keep costs as low as possible, without damaging the quality of care.
- We support strong health planning for every community, to provide care without unnecessary duplication of services.
- We support the development of innovative health care delivery systems including the expansion of out-patient care centers, to provide a less costly alternative to hospitalization, with a strong emphasis on preventive medicine.
- We support community health education, to help people learn how to lead healthy lives, and to encourage them to seek early diagnosis and to follow doctors' instructions.

## **WHAT MUST BE DONE IN THE FUTURE**

The private insurance business, the hospital and medical professions, and government must begin together to do what no one sector could do alone — assure quality health care for everyone while at the same time doing everything possible to

combat rising costs.

All this can be done. It can be done without enormous cost to taxpayers, by dividing the burden between the government and the private sectors. The private sector would offer the widest range of health care and coverage at the lowest possible cost. Government would set guidelines for the whole health care system, and continue to assume responsibility for the health care costs of the poor and aged. Thus, we can create a system which will adequately care for each American, while preserving the freedom of choice and dignity of each human being.

## **THERE IS A LOT OF WORK TO DO**

By working together, we can make certain that each American will have available the treatment the health care system in this country has made possible, and the individual, personal service we in the health insurance business have worked so long to provide. In the private sector we have learned one thing — health care is not numbers. Health care is people, and all of us must be cared for as people, as individuals, each with different needs.

America is a rich and decent country. The 1,000,000 people in the private life and health insurance business believe that the time has come when every American can and must be saved from the fear of what it costs to be sick.

## **The Life and Health Insurance Companies in America**

**The impersonal future? That's not our way of doing business.**

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## **VOLVO**

The car for people who think.

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PREMIER HUA KUO-FENG, READING EULOGY TO MAO, WAS FLANKED BY DEFENSE MINISTER YEH & RADICALS WANG, CHANG & CHIANG CH'ING

## THE WORLD

### CHINA

# Great Purge in the Forbidden City

It was a drama that had been played out countless times during the dynastic changes of bygone eras. First there were rumblings of earthquakes. Then came the death of the aged Emperor, followed by quarrels among his heirs about how to dispose of his body. Rival factions plotted within the towering walls of the Forbidden City—one of them led by the dead Emperor's shrewd Chief Minister, the other by his scheming, ambitious and hated widow. There were rumors of a forged will, secret meetings and, finally, a series of arrests in a great purge.

**Shanghai Mafia.** What it all added up to was one of the most climactic episodes in China's recent history. Almost overnight, Premier Hua Kuo-feng, only last year a relatively unknown official, succeeded Mao Tse-tung as Chairman of the Chinese Communist Party. Mao's widow, Chiang Ch'ing, leader of the party's radical faction, was arrested, along with three of her closest allies. With Hua in power and the radicals in disgrace, China's moderate faction, backed by the army, seemed to have scored an astonishing triumph, one that may set China's basic new course for the immediate post-Mao era.

The long-expected struggle for power—or at least one momentous phase of it—was waged so quickly that it was over before any outsiders even knew it had

begun. Indeed, the first rumors of Mme. Mao's arrest seemed so implausible that Peking-based foreign reporters were afraid to cable them out. There was no open violence during the upheaval, no street fighting or troop movements, only a series of enigmatic wall posters praising Hua and appealing for unity. Day after day, fleets of limousines converged on the Great Hall of the People for what was believed to be a Central Committee meeting devoted to the confirmation of Hua's accession to the position of supreme power.

The most striking fact about that accession was the downfall of Chiang Ch'ing, 61, onetime movie actress and for a decade the fanatical empress of China's art and culture. Arrested with her, by Mao's own bodyguard, Unit 8341 of the People's Liberation Army, were:

► Wang Hung-wen, fortyish, the youthful ex-textile worker and Vice Chairman of the party who only recently had been made No. 2 man in the Politburo.

► Yao Wen-yuan, the brilliant, acerbic essayist and literary critic who, while a Politburo member and a party secretary in Shanghai, had been running the country's propaganda machinery.

► Chang Ch'un Ch'iao, a Vice Premier and onetime candidate to succeed Mao, a man who many foreign observers mistakenly believed had become a

kind of bridge between the rival factions.

Known collectively outside China as the "Shanghai Mafia," they had all come to political power as a result of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of 1966-69; the four had enjoyed close access to Chairman Mao and promoted the most radical of the Great Helmsman's policies. Using their control over China's propaganda machinery, the radicals had constantly heated up the political atmosphere, unsparingly urging the masses to attack the "revisionists," the "capitalist roaders," and other "ghosts and monsters" who, they said, were hiding in the very nooks and crannies of the Communist Party itself (and who often were the radicals' personal enemies).

**Many Dragons.** For the past three years, the radicals had carried out an incessant campaign against the moderate, pragmatic policies formulated by the late Premier Chou En-lai: his willingness to negotiate with the West, his insistence on efficient and economic production, and particularly his policy of restoring to positions of power the hundreds of bureaucrats and technicians who had been purged by the radicals during the Cultural Revolution. Their attacks on Chou, customarily veiled in allegorical references, could be held in check as long as the Premier was alive. Then, when Chou died last January, the

## THE WORLD

radicals seemed to gain new influence. Chou had rehabilitated the diminutive but assertive and talented Teng Hsiao-p'ing from his abject Cultural Revolutionary disgrace and anointed him his successor as Premier. But the radicals quickly succeeded in deposing Teng, beginning in the process an intense new campaign to expose the "unrepentant capitalist roaders" in the party. With Teng out of the way, they agreed to compromise with Peking's moderate faction in making Security Minister Hua Kuo-feng the new Premier.

It is possible that the radicals may try to make a comeback. Though the ar-

radical faction had become, in the Chinese phrase, like many dragons without a head, and it seemed doubtful that it could muster the strength or support for a credible counterattack. Already the wall posters were crying out for punishment: CRUSH THE HEADS OF THE FOUR DOGS AND CRUSH AND STRANGLE THE GANG OF FOUR.

In practical terms, the elimination of the radical quartet could begin a major re-evaluation, not only of China's policies and priorities but also of its often erratic political style. There will probably be a slow retreat from some of the late Mao's favorite goals, in the first instance from the constant campaigns for ideological purity and class struggle that he encouraged—and the radicals carried out—all his life. Power is likely to fall more firmly into the hands of the reliable, steady, old-time pragmatists. Chief among them: Finance Minister Li Hsien-nien, the

Mao's memorial service in the presence of his rivals. Radical Leader Wang, standing near by, glanced over Hua's shoulder at his text, then looked surprised. Some China watchers noted but could not explain the strange omission.

It turned out to be intentional, for the radicals were soon to be accused of fabricating the entire instruction. But even at the time of Hua's memorial speech, the power struggle had already begun in earnest. The Yugoslav news agency Tanjug reported last week that Chiang Ch'ing told the Politburo that Hua was incapable of leading the party. Hua, according to this account, retorted that he was quite capable of handling any problems, that the dying Mao himself had told him, "If you become Chairman, I can die peacefully." Still, the Shanghai group insisted on nominating one of its own members, Vice Chairman Wang, as chief, a choice clearly unacceptable to the moderates.



MICHAEL SOMARE ESCORTED BY LI HSIEN-NIEN

rests extended to several dozen radical leaders, most analysts feel that the dissidents retain considerable support in the party's 189-member Central Committee—some estimates run as high as 40%—and they probably have large pockets of strength in old strongholds like Shanghai and a few provincial regions. The fact that as of week's end the Central Committee, meeting in Peking's Great Hall of the People, had still not formally endorsed Hua Kuo-feng's appointment as Chairman may be an indication that the radical-moderate power struggle has not yet been resolved. Still, most analysts believed that the moderates, with crucial military support, had gained the upper hand; the



NEW PARTY CHAIRMAN HUA IN A REFLECTIVE MOOD &, RIGHT, TENG Hsiao-p'ING  
Will the triumph of one man lead to the return of the other?

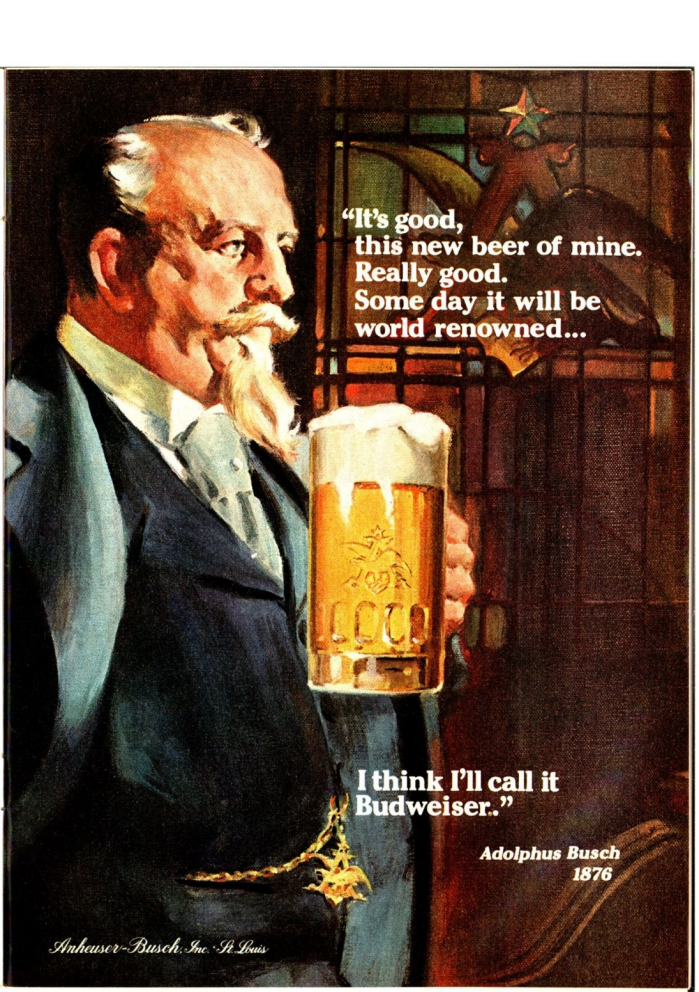
country's chief economic planner and a possible choice to take over Hua's current job as Premier; Regional Commander Ch'en Hsi-lien, the general whose support must have been necessary for the success of the anti-radical coup; and Vice Premier Chi Teng-k'uei, first political commissar of the Peking military region.

**Strange Omission.** The radicals' downfall was the climax to a complex sequence of events going back to the death of Chairman Mao on Sept. 9. Starting at that time, the Central Committee's 16-man Politburo began a series of apparently inconclusive meetings to decide such matters as the disposal of the Great Helmsman's body and, more important, the control of his legacy—meaning who would be authorized to interpret his ideas in the future. One sign that there was trouble brewing—the Chinese press published a posthumous instruction from Mao: "Act according to the principles laid down." But Hua Kuo-feng did not cite this phrase while speaking at

On the eve of Oct. 1, China's National Day, both sides showed up at a meeting in a display of unity. It was to be the last such display and the last time that any of the four principal radicals appeared in public at all.

Later, as foreign analysts pieced together the story, it seemed likely that the radicals were arrested within the Chung Nan Hai compound of Peking's Forbidden City on Thursday, Oct. 7, though rumors of the arrests did not begin to circulate until later. In the early morning hours of Oct. 9, two important announcements were made: 1) Mao's body would be preserved and put on view in a crystal tomb and, 2) "The task of publishing Mao's works would be carried out by the Politburo directly under the leadership of Hua Kuo-feng." The implication of the decree was that Hua had been chosen party Chairman. Wall posters welcoming the announcements soon blossomed on the walls in Peking, Shanghai and Canton. As more slogans appeared on the streets of Peking,





**"It's good,  
this new beer of mine.  
Really good.  
Some day it will be  
world renowned..."**

**I think I'll call it  
Budweiser."**

**Adolphus Busch  
1876**

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groups of demonstrators converged on Tien An Men Square, some of them with gongs and tambourines, to celebrate the elevation of a successor to Mao. Strangely, however, there was no official confirmation that Hua was indeed party Chairman.

Two days later, the confirmation had still not come. But by then, stories that Chiang Ch'ing and her radical allies had been put under house arrest began to circulate in Peking. The four, went the rumors, had been caught plotting a coup to seize power. On Monday, the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, Nigel Wade, felt confident enough of his sources to file the story of the arrests to his paper in London.

Wade's account brought a wave of queries from the outside world. Instead of issuing the customary denials, Foreign Office spokesmen replied smoothly with "No comment." Foreigners in Peking soon discovered that photographs of the four radicals were no longer available in bookstores—a common sign of a purge. None of the radicals appeared at Peking's airport when visiting Papua New Guinea Prime Minister Michael Somare arrived, giving further credence to the tale of their arrest. None of the four were at Somare's welcoming banquet next day, but neither was Chairman Hua. His ally Li Hsien-nien did the honors and said blandly (or perhaps ironically), "The situation in China is excellent." At this dinner, however, a Foreign Ministry spokesman confirmed that Hua was the new Chairman.

**Bank Robberies.** Meanwhile, the troops of the People's Liberation Army apparently surrounded Peking and Tsinghua universities, both bastions of radical support. Some 30 radicals were reported arrested for allegedly fabricating a will of Mao's; one of them was Mao's nephew Mao Yuan-hsin, vice chairman of the Liaoning provincial revolutionary committee; another was Yu Hui-yung, Minister of Culture and another Chiang Ch'ing protégé. There were even rumors that one or more of the top four radicals had been executed, but that seemed extremely unlikely.

At week's end new details of the incident began to circulate. According to informed East European sources, Chiang Ch'ing had tried, even before the death of Mao, to persuade Peking Regional Military Commander Ch'en Hsien-lien to help her organize a *coup d'état*, but Ch'en went and informed Hua of the danger. Another story from Peking claimed that Mao's scheming widow had even launched an abortive attempt to assassinate Hua. Whether these rumors are true, or simply lies leaked by the moderates to justify a pre-emptive move, it is not hard to find reasons for the moderates' desire to get rid of their radical antagonists.

For one thing, there has been an enormous reserve of anger and bitterness against the radicals ever since the Cultural Revolution. Zealots like

Chiang Ch'ing and her ideological allies led the campaigns to discredit thousands of veteran party officials and technicians, humiliating even prominent companions of Mao on the historic Long March by parading them with dunce caps pulled over their heads in front of crowds of howling young Red Guards.

For another, there are signs that the public at large has tired of the radicals' wearisome attempts to politicize every aspect of life in endless meetings and parades. Chiang Ch'ing was so unpopular, reported one Japanese correspondent from Peking last week, that "contemptuous laughter used to break out in the darkness of movie theaters whenever she appeared on the screen." For the past few months, there have been growing signs of a low morale in the country, of a yearning for stability

radical university students and waved placards that allegorically assailed Chiang Ch'ing. They also carried slogans reading, GONE FOR GOOD IS CH'IN SHIH HUANG'S FEUDAL SOCIETY, an allusion to the first Chinese Emperor (3rd century B.C.), a great but ruthless dynasty builder with whom Mao has been commonly identified.

Throughout the country, as Mao became ever more feeble and close to death, the authority of his government seemed to weaken. As early as the end of 1974, an extraordinary 77-page wall poster put up in Canton set forth a comprehensive indictment of the way China was being run at that time. Written by a group of young intellectuals who used the pseudonym Li I-che, the wall poster condemned China as a place where "no one is allowed to think, no one is



PEOPLE'S LIBERATION ARMY TROOPS MARCH TO CLEAN UP AFTER EARTHQUAKE DAMAGE  
Yet has the public tired of attempts to politicize every aspect of life?

and a better standard of living. Worse, there have been numerous reports of widespread lawlessness in such cities as Canton, Wu-han and Sian, of bank robberies, fighting among gangs of youths and even overt acts of sabotage. Then came the great earthquakes that hit China this summer, probably killing or injuring more than 1 million people and giving an urgency to the need for firm, united leadership. Indeed, it was very possible that Hua and his allies might have decided that the country could no longer tolerate the general erosion of political authority.

There have even been strong signs of active political dissent. The most dramatic came in April, when about 100,000 people, angered by the removal of memorial wreaths to Chou En-lai, demonstrated in Peking's vast Tien An Men Square against radical policies. The Tien An Men rioters bloodied several

allowed to do research, and no one is allowed to ask a single why on any question." Instead of a true democracy, the wall poster charged, a dictatorship by a "privileged stratum" of party cadres maintained its own power by demanding unquestioned loyalty. "We cannot forget," the document said, "the grotesque dance of loyalty, the interrupted rituals of loyalty—the morning prayers, the evening confessionals, the meetings, the assemblies... all of it lacquered over with a thick religious sauce giving off a strong smell of God."

**Religious Zeal.** That outcry against the radicals' campaigns has been echoed in other wall posters witnessed by travelers to China. One apparently authentic article that surfaced in Taiwan, reportedly from a high-ranking officer in the Tientsin garrison command, complains that "the result of incessant campaigns has already been mutual distrust among the people, the cadres and the





DEMONSTRATING AGAINST TENG HSIAO-P'ING IN PEKING LAST APRIL  
"An academy of science, not an academy of cabbage."

leaders, which affects unity and obstructs progress."

Beyond the problem of popular discontent lay deep and until now unsolvable policy differences that have divided China's two main factions for at least a decade. To be accurate, however, the commonly used terms radical and moderate are somewhat misleading. There is actually a good deal of common ground between the two groups—both are dedicated to Communism—and there are wide differences within each main camp. In general, the moderates could just as well be called pragmatists; they tend to be more flexible than the radicals, more concerned with practical results than the way the results are achieved. The radicals, in contrast, believe with a religious zeal in the need for ideological purity. They think that China can be transformed only if its people are imbued with the Maoist doctrines of self-sacrifice.

**Rude Comments.** The argument involved virtually every area of Chinese life. In education, for example, the radicals' approach prompted them to admit students to universities on the basis of proletarian origins and "correct" political views rather than academic attainments and test scores. One of their favorite policies has been the rustification program, in which city-educated youths have had to spend indefinite periods working on agricultural communes to "learn from the peasants." Only a small number of the most radical ones would then be chosen to go to a university. The result of this, complained moderate Education Minister Chou Jung-hsin, since purged, was that students would be leaving the university "without being able to read if the present system continues much longer." The deposed Deputy Premier, Teng Hsiao-p'ing, declared before being purged himself that "university students are below the standard of technical middle-school students of earlier times, in both politics and knowledge."

In the field of science, Teng and the other moderates were scornful of the radicals' insistence that all research be related to immediate agricultural or industrial needs. "The Academy of Sci-

ence," Teng said, "is an academy of science; it is not an academy of cabbage." To all such rude comments, the radicals replied with a statement of pure faith. "Revolution," argued one of them, "can change everything, modernize the economy and develop science and technology."

On the vital problem of increasing production to feed and support China's ever growing population (around 850 million), the moderates stressed practical approaches, including such "revisionist" devices as higher wages for more work and the notion that each state enterprise should be run efficiently enough to produce a profit. Recognizing the need for high technology in areas like oil production, computers and aircraft, the moderates have not hesitated to buy some goods from foreign countries—a policy the radicals derided as the "worship of things foreign." "In our Socialist state," said one article, "the development of production does not rely on profit and material incentives but on the proletarian revolutionary line of Chairman Mao, on proletarian politics, on class struggle." In place of bonuses and wage increases, the radicals offered voluntary days of unpaid work by revolutionary workers.

How soon or how far China will move away from leftist policies is hard to say. Certainly the immediate tasks will be to choose a new Politburo and Standing Committee, both of which have been depleted through the deaths of old leaders and the new purges. Some of the radicals' rhetoric is likely to be retained indefinitely, partly to avoid the appearance of an abrupt departure from policies once sanctioned by Mao, but also to satisfy the Central Committee members who retain some sympathy for the radicals' views. Still, the more utopian of the leftist policies will probably be quietly dropped in favor of greater pragmatism. This will presumably mean financial incentives in industry, mechanization in agriculture, an emphasis on technical knowledge rather than "Redness" and an attempt to strengthen the armed forces with more technologically sophisticated weapons—all moves the radicals have resisted.

## THE WORLD

The indications are that such domestic issues will be dealt with first. But in the long run, the purge of the left could also affect foreign policy. In Moscow, there was some satisfaction over the events of the past two weeks. A move toward pragmatism in Peking could lessen the importance of the ideological disagreements between the two countries. Moreover, the Chinese military understands full well its weakness on the Russian frontier, and it may push for at least a limited rapprochement with Moscow.

As for China's relations with the U.S., most analysts feel that the slow process of normalization will probably continue, even if there is some lessening of tensions between Peking and Moscow. The moderates, after all, were in the forefront of the drive to open up relations with Washington in the first place. The chances are that China's need for Western technology will grow as its economy expands, and though Peking now seems to have enough food, it will surely want to keep open its access to the world's best grain markets.

**Self-Criticism.** Will the much-abused Teng be rehabilitated? It is entirely possible. Indeed, one of the unconfirmed rumors that sifted out of Peking last week named the former Vice Premier as one of the chief engineers of the anti-radical coup. Teng would probably have to go through new rituals of self-criticism, but if he is in fact rehabilitated, it would be a sure sign that the post-Mao leadership now in place intends to move steadily in the direction of pragmatism and an easing of Mao-style revolutionary fervor.

For now, however, it is impossible to say with certainty whether the events of the past few weeks represent a true climax to the power struggle or only the beginning of a new phase. The fact that the Central Committee had not, as of week's end, confirmed Hua's appointment as party Chairman was in itself ominous. It could simply mean that the party leaders wanted to take the time to work out the entire lineup of the new hierarchy, but it could also mean that the committee was still divided over the country's future leadership.

In either case, Hua remains very much an enigma. So little is known of his background and capabilities—his age and education and family background are all mysteries—that it is hard to judge his chances of remaining in power. He is evidently a man of great administrative ability, but he lacks the kind of charisma that the Chinese have long associated with their party Chairman. And though he seems to have the support of other key elements, especially the army and the party bureaucracy, he may not have a strong enough power base to survive a major challenge to his leadership. Thus Mao, just before he died, may have told Hua, "If you become Chairman, I can die peacefully," but whether or not the Chinese millions will live peacefully remains to be seen.





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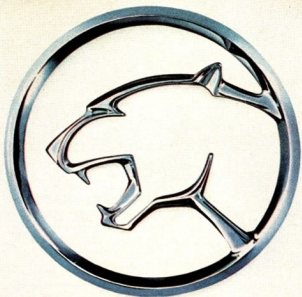
681, 682, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2679, 3084

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**"We got the defense!"**

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## SOUTH AFRICA

## The Transkei Puppet Show

At the stroke of midnight next Monday, a 101-gun salute will mark the independence of the Transkei, a Denmark-sized territory on the eastern coast of South Africa. There will be tribal dancing, fireworks, feasting and bonfires, as there were to mark the birth of more than 40 African nations that have become independent in the past two decades. The difference is that in the eyes of most of the world, the independence of the Transkei—the first of the nine black tribal homelands that South Africa intends to set up as separate states—is a device by which Pretoria hopes to perpetuate the rule of its own white minority. Lee Griggs, TIME's Africa bureau chief, visited the Transkei (meaning: across the River Kei) last week. His report:

In the normally sleepy town of Umtata (pop. 25,000), the cold and drizzle did not deter the frantic last-minute preparations for independence day. Giant yellow earthmovers groaned through the mud of the Transkei's capital, completing \$12 million worth of new paved highways and carving out access roads to the newly completed \$14 million airport and a \$2.4 million Holiday Inn. The immediate purpose of all the construction is to prepare for distinguished visitors. The only head of state who has so far accepted an invitation to next week's ceremonies, however, is South Africa's President Nicolaas Diederichs, who has to be present anyway to hand over the official instruments of independence.

**Shunned by Neighbors.** Chief Minister Kaiser D. (for Daliwonga) Matanzima, 61, who heads the Transkei government, sent invitations to most countries of the world, only to receive formal rejections or silence. He is still hoping that conservative regimes in Taiwan, Paraguay, Malawi, Rhodesia and perhaps Ivory Coast may send delegations—but that will be about all. Even his nearest neighbors are shunning him. Swaziland says it will "continue to recognize the Transkei as a region of South Africa and nothing more," and Lesotho (which is surrounded by South Africa but, like Swaziland, was never part of it) has decided that the Transkei does not appear to "meet the requirements" of an independent state. Even the pretty black Miss Transkei has been ruled ineligible for the Miss World contest.

One of South Africa's nine homelands, or tribal reserves assigned to blacks, the Transkei will thus remain a stepchild of the white-supremacy government of Pretoria. Though its gross national product (\$120 million) and per capita income (\$130) exceed those of a dozen independent African states, the figures are misleading. Three-quarters of

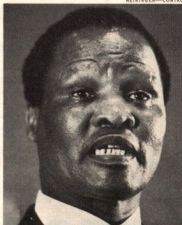
the Transkei's annual operating budget is contributed by South Africa, and 70% of its national income consists of remittances from members of the Xhosa tribe who work "abroad"—in the mines, factories and farms of white South Africa—as migrant laborers. Admits a black civil servant in one of Umtata's new government office buildings, "We are like a puppet show, with the whites pulling the strings as we dance to their tune."

Matanzima, a paramount (super) chief, never bothered to submit the issue of independence to a referendum. His National Independence Party swept the territory's parliamentary elections last month, partly because he took the precaution of jailing virtually the entire leadership of the opposition Democratic Party as a "threat to law-and-order." He acted under Proclamation R-400—a preventive detention law that he inherited from South Africa and intends to keep.

A onetime lawyer and part-time farmer who raises cattle and sheep, Matanzima rules in a chiefly style. On state occasions he is preceded by a "praise singer," wrapped in a leopard's skin, who shouts of great deeds, real or imagined, by "Matanzima the Mighty." Among the new buildings being erected near Umtata is a \$345,000 mansion for the chief.

Criticism is not welcomed. When

REININGER—CONTACT



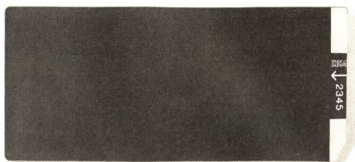
TIME Map by Paul J. Pugliese



TRANSKEI CHIEF MATANZIMA & BLACK WORKERS IN TOWNSHIP OF BUTTERWORTH



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## THE WORLD

actually live in the Transkei; most of the others live permanently in South Africa, but from now on they will be citizens of the Transkei—not of South Africa. The Transkei's 10,000 whites will still run much of the commerce and own some of the best farm land, though South Africa is buying out some white farms and businesses and turning them over to blacks at a low cost. (Indeed, Matanzima and his younger brother George, who is Justice Minister, have bought into hotels and liquor stores at rock-bottom prices under this system.)

For Matanzima, the advantages of independence are fairly obvious. "We know what is best for us. Independence means the end of the color bar imposed by South Africa and repeal of all South African laws that do not suit our needs. When the time is opportune, we will apply for membership in the U.N., and if

it rejects us, we will accept it with a smile—but we will also view it with contempt it deserves." For South Africa, on the other hand, the eventual independence of all nine black homelands (the others have so far resisted) could theoretically provide a solution to its central dilemma. Through a bit of constitutional legerdemain, the country's 18 million blacks would become foreigners in "white" South Africa, entitled to citizenship and political rights only in the homelands, although fewer than half of them live there. By giving 70% of its population political power in only 13% of its land area, Pretoria could claim white control over the rest of the country. So in the early morning hours of next Tuesday, bonfires on the hilltops will spread the word that the Republic of Transkei is born, whether the Xhosas want it or not.

## BRITAIN

### Looking Back at No. 10

I have repeatedly been asked what are the main essentials of a successful Prime Minister. Over and above communication and vigilance, there are two factors. They are sleep, and a sense of history. A Prime Minister who can't sleep is no good. Without a sense of history, he would be blind. If you have ever

April, Harold Wilson started writing a longhand manuscript on the British prime ministry. This week his thin (207 pages) but thoughtful volume, entitled *The Governance of Britain*, will be published in London; it is scheduled for publication in the U.S. next spring. The book demonstrates, in many ways, the caution that marked Wilson's tenure. It offers no explanation, for example, for his abrupt retirement, and the chapter on national security is only one page, ending with the words: "There is no further information that can usefully or properly be added."

But as Wilson explains in his foreword, the book is primarily "aimed at describing how the British system of parliamentary and Cabinet government works, and identifying the essential differences in our system and presidential systems, such as that of the United States." In one telling anecdote, for example, he relates that in 1963 an American friend offered him \$10,000 for his campaign to become leader of the Labor Party. He rejected it, explaining that the campaign would cost him virtually nothing; in fact, he recalls, he spent only eight old pence (about 9¢) for a couple of phone calls.

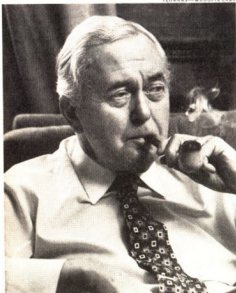
To get Wilson's firsthand impressions of the job he held longer than any other peacetime Prime Minister in this century (seven years and nine months), TIME London Bureau Chief Herman Nickel called on the former Oxford don at his small town house in Westminster's Lord North Street. Wilson, in shirt-sleeves, opened the door himself. Apologizing for the mess of paper piled high on the dining table—the contents of his desk at No. 10—he ushered his guest into a cozy, wood-paneled living room. There he settled into an easy chair, lit his pipe and talked. Excerpts from the interview:

**On the Advantages of the Parliamentary System.** It's true that in the U.S. the President is elected for four years and barring ill health, death or something most unusual such as Watergate, he cannot be challenged during that period. On the other hand, even with a Congress of his own, led by his own party, he has no guarantee of getting his legislation through. Here in Britain, a single vote can decide whether a government stays in power or not, but on the other hand you can get your legislation through pretty well.

**On the Role of the Monarchy.** All I can say is that I would have found the job of Prime Minister a lot harder if there hadn't been a total separation between the head of government and the head of state. The fact that the Queen is above politics is one of the intangible advantages. The other thing is the continuity of the Crown and, in our particular case, the Queen's sheer hard work and deep grasp of every kind of national and international problem. You have an audience every week, lasting about an hour. She sometimes floors you—did floor me very early in my premiership—by referring to a Cabinet committee paper that she had read overnight and that I was saving for the weekend. I felt like some boy who had failed his examination. In Queen Elizabeth's case, she is not critical or quizzical but very active, and you are explaining why you did something to someone who is above the battle. It is very therapeutic and makes you think very hard.

**On Watergate.** The Watergate situation would never have occurred in this country. Even supposing that it had happened, within no time at all the parliamentary party, whether it be Labor or Conservative, would have got rid of its leader. They would have said "Enough is enough, we can't go on with this," and it would have been done just by people talking to each other in the tearoom or drinking a rather stronger drink in the Members' smoke room or the bars.

**On Leaving Government.** I've had no withdrawal symptoms at all. I thought I would miss Chequers [the Prime Minister's country residence], which is a wonderful place to work. But while I was there I was working so hard that I never got a chance to even go for a swim in the pool that was given to us by [former U.S. Ambassador] Walter Annenberg or to walk around the rose garden in beautiful weather. There was one thing I predicted I would miss—and I was right. That is the switchboard. It was first class. You picked up the phone and asked for someone, and you got him, no matter where. Now you've got to dial for yourself, and the only scar I got was a sore finger from doing my own dialing because I wasn't used to it.



WILSON REFLECTING DURING INTERVIEW  
Sleep and a sense of history.

been dead by lunchtime and even worse by nightfall—well, you know others have been through it before you and you can get a sense of perspective.

—Sir Harold Wilson,

*The Governance of Britain*

Two days after his surprise departure from No. 10 Downing Street last



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# THE BETTER BARGAIN TOYOTA

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PALESTINIAN MACHINE-GUNNER

## LEBANON

### Closing the Ring

After 18 months of bloodshed, Lebanon's civil war once again seems to be nearing its bloody end. Under a rain of artillery shells and rockets, 20,000 Syrian troops led by heavy armored units are bludgeoning the main force of Moslem leftists and their Palestinian allies into submission.

In some of the heaviest fighting of the war, the Syrian troops that originally arrived on a "peace-keeping" mission punched their way down the mountainous Damascus-Beirut highway last week to the outskirts of the Lebanese capital. Twenty-five miles to the south, Syrian armor drove to within range of Sidon, the only significant port and supply depot still in Palestinian-leftist hands. The two-part attack, if it succeeds, will reduce Palestinian-held territory to three enclaves cut off from ammunition and fuel. If that happens, reports TIME Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn, "the war in effect will be over, though real peace will be a long time coming."

**Seesaw Battle.** At dawn Tuesday, the main Syrian drive, backed by Christian rightist troops, rolled from Sofar toward the last two Palestinian-leftist strongholds east of Beirut, the once fashionable resort towns of Bhamdoun and Aley. Slipping around Bhamdoun under cover of darkness, 4,000 Syrian troops attacked from the west. They waged a seesaw battle through the streets of the town, leaving heavy casu-

## THE WORLD

alties on both sides, and the stubborn Palestinian resistance slowly crumbled. By week's end, with Syrian tanks established in the main square and parts of the town ablaze, only a few pockets of Palestinians were still holding out.

In nearby Aley, military headquarters of Leftist Leader Kamal Jumblatt, the Syrian onslaught seemed equally overwhelming. Lebanese rightist troops had attacked the town just ten days ago but the Palestinians had beaten them back. They had also mined the main road and lined it with sandbag barricades. The Syrians opened with barrages of rockets, sent in swarms of low-flying MIG fighters, then followed with tanks. Said one fedayeen who fled from a burning house: "They use their rockets like we use our guns. We fire 30 bullets and they fire 30 rockets." The Palestinian radio broadcasts appealed to Arab nations to "halt the liquidation of the Palestinian revolution," but the Syrian offensive ground on.

It was hardly coincidental that the Syrian attack took place on the eve of an Arab summit conference scheduled for this week in Cairo. Syria's President Hafez Assad, who wants to impose a settlement that will suppress Palestinian guerrilla activity and assure Syrian influence throughout the region, refused to attend any such meeting. Then, under pressure from Saudi Arabia, Assad agreed to confer with Arab leaders gathered over the weekend at the Saudi capital of Riyadh. After the talking was over, the prospect was that Syria would continue to push its offensive to the end.

## NORTHERN IRELAND

### Cursed Be the Peacemakers

Over the past two months, Betty Williams and Mairead Corrigan have been trying to work a miracle in Northern Ireland. Sickened by the deaths of three children crushed by a wayward I.R.A. getaway car (TIME, Sept. 6), the two women raised a cry for peace that has brought 200,000 Roman Catholics and Protestants to demonstrations—together—to demand an end to seven years of sectarian bloodshed.

Last week in Turf Lodge, a Catholic ghetto of Belfast that is also a bastion of the Irish Republican Army, the women's peace movement suffered its first serious setback. Arriving to address a meeting in protest against the killing of a 13-year-old neighborhood boy by a British soldier's plastic bullet, Williams and Corrigan were shouted down, pummeled by an angry mob and driven to seek sanctuary in a nearby church. While the terrified women were comforted by a priest in the Holy Trinity sacristy, youths smashed their cars.

The attack was no accident. From the moment the two Catholic women be-

gan their peace marches—and particularly when they flew to the U.S. to appeal for an end to donations to the terrorists—Provisional I.R.A. spokesmen have denounced them as dupes of the British, "misguided" advocates who ignore police and army killings. Both have endured hecklers, obscene letters and death threats scrawled on walls. Then, just after the Turf Lodge meeting opened, word reached the already angry crowd that a British soldier had injured a pregnant woman with a plastic bullet. The eruption, Williams later conceded, was almost inevitable. She told TIME's Ed Curran: "We had quite a good honeymoon period—better than I expected. Still, I suppose this had to happen."

**Terrible Pressure.** The two women had originally gone to Turf Lodge to condemn British army brutality. "I do not want any army on our streets," Williams told reporters after the mobbing. "These people in Turf Lodge have been under terrible pressure from the British army for the past three weeks." That explanation immediately shook the fragile alliance that Williams and Corrigan had formed with moderate Protestants. Further clarifications, in which the women affirmed their support of the army and Royal Ulster Constabulary as legitimate instruments of law, may cost their movement some Catholic support.

And the slaughter goes on. The death toll of 248 so far this year is already greater than during all of 1975. But the women's peace march is so hopeful a movement that a group of Norwegian newspapers has launched a campaign to raise \$150,000 to give Williams and Corrigan a "people's peace prize" (the official Nobel committee decided last week not to award the peace prize this year). Said Williams: "The money would make one of my dreams come true. I would like to see a massive recreation center in Belfast. I feel our children have lost the art of playing, and I would love to give it back to them."

WILLIAMS (LEFT) & CORRIGAN AT RALLY



# Introducing Fact Menthol.

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You might not know it, but cigarette smoke is mostly gas—many different kinds. Not just 'tar' and nicotine.

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And that's not fiction.  
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Fact is the first menthol cigarette with Purite granules.

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That means it reduces specific gases in smoke that taste bad.

Without removing the elements that taste good.

So, for the first time, you get low gas, low "tar," and satisfying taste in a menthol cigarette.

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Available in regular and menthol.

## Fact Menthol: The low gas, low 'tar'.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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Regular, 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Menthol,  
13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

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You press a button and a 12,000 rpm motor delivers into your hand an already developing picture, hard, flat and dry. In minutes, you have a big, beautiful finished  $3\frac{1}{8}" \times 3\frac{1}{8}"$  print.

In daylight, an electric eye automatically reads the light and sets the aperture and electronic shutter speed for you.

But we didn't stop there.

We've added a monitored flash that makes final corrections in exposure, to give you better indoor

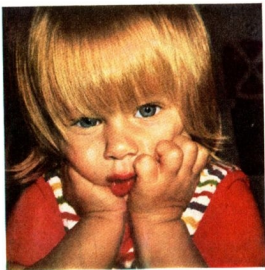
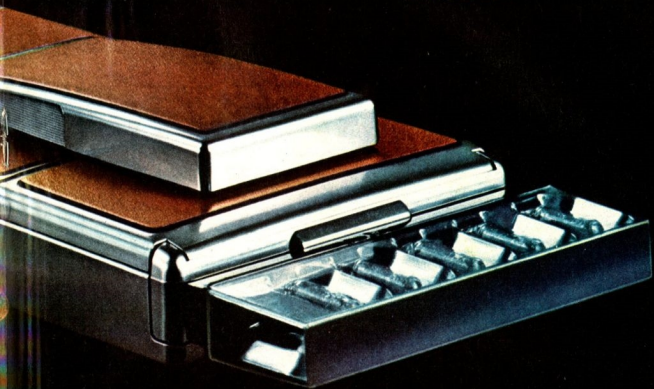
flash pictures. You can even use flash in daylight to fill in shadows and eliminate harsh light.

And our new Super Color film with Colorlock dyes gives you better color, crisper detail and a wider temperature range. It is one of the most fade-resistant films in all photography.

The new Alpha 1, in genuine leather and a velvety chrome finish, folds into a flat, elegant shape to fit into pocket or purse. A leather neck strap makes it even more portable.

Polaroid's SX-70 Alpha 1. It's our finest camera, now even better.





*You can get this close with the Alpha 1  
without a special lens...*



*while this is the closest most other  
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## THE NEW PLYMOUTH FURY



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## PEOPLE

For a bear of very little brain, *Winnie-the-Pooh* has displayed remarkable staying power since his creation in 1926 by Author **A.A. Milne** and Illustrator **Ernest H. Shepard**. The classic children's books about Pooh's adventures have been translated into 22 languages and inspired million-dollar businesses in posters, party favors and other products. But one who did not celebrate Pooh's 50th birthday last week was **Christopher Robin Milne**, 56, the author's son, whose 1974 autobiography, *The Enchanted Places*, described the trials of growing up in the shadow of a Teddy bear. "Pooh is a toy I had as a child," says Milne, now a bookstore owner in Devon, England. "The exploitation of the books makes me sick. I do hope there will be no more of these anniversaries." Anyway, as Pooh's gloomy pal Eeyore philosophized in *The House at Pooh Corner*: "What are birthdays? Here today and gone tomorrow."

The opening-night crowd included a plastic surgeon who had recently done some work on the star's chin, which was a little puffy. Still, there was no mistaking the face—or the figure—of **Elizabeth Ray**, who last week made her stage debut in St. Charles, Ill., at the Pheasant Run Playhouse in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* Ray, whose sexual dalliance with her boss, **Wayne Hays**, brought about the Ohio Congressman's downfall earlier this year, quickly demonstrated that her acting ability was on a par with her secretarial skills. Though she seemed in her element on a massage table and got a good laugh when she sat down at a desk and tried to type, she generally spoke in a whiny monotone, delivered her lines by rote, and in

one scene answered a door buzzer before it buzzed. "I knew that I wasn't going to walk off with an Academy Award," she confessed later, "but this is a morality play, and I can relate to that so well."

When husky-voiced Singer **Edie Adams** whispered her final "pick one up and smoke it some time" back in 1973 and quit making TV ads for Muriel Cigars, the fire went out of the company's sales. Last week in Manhattan the stogie makers introduced a new Miss Muriel to light up the home screens. She is **Susan Anton**, 26, a former Miss California who beat out 400 other aspirants for a four-year contract with Consolidated Cigars Corp. "I don't smoke anything; I was told it would stunt my growth," confesses Anton, who stands 5 ft. 11 in. So why had she won? "Probably because of my smile," answered Susan. "My mother always said she liked that best about me." All of which left Adams, now 49 and still a concert and supper-club headliner, feeling wistful. "It's the best thing that ever happened to me," she says of her Muriel job. "If they ever want a Mae West type, I'm ready."

He is best known for his impassioned speeches on behalf of the civil rights struggle, but Georgia State Senator **Julian Bond** has recently been involved in a race drama of a different kind—as an actor in *Greased Lightning*, a Warner Bros. screen biography of Stock Car Racer **Wendell Scott**. The film, scheduled to appear early next year, features Actor-Comedian **Richard Pryor** as Scott, **Pam Grier** as his wife and Bond as one of her former suitors who returns to rev up a new romance. Is the nine-year veteran of the Georgia General Assembly considering a career in the movies? Says Julian: "Definitely not. It's a more insecure profession than politics."

**BEVERLY SILLS SEEKS HARMONY DURING A FACE-OFF BETWEEN FORD & CARTER**



ANTON STRIKES A MATCHLESS POSE

"I felt like a referee who never got the fighters into the ring," laughed Soprano **Beverly Sills**, referring to the visit of **Jack Ford**, 24, and **Jack Carter**, 26, to her TV talk show *Lifestyles*. The hoped-for debate between the sons of **Gerald Ford** and **Jimmy Carter**, scheduled for airing in the New York area on Oct. 30, never came off because both insisted on separate equal-time interviews. Meeting off-camera for the first time, however, the pair engaged in some cautious sparring. "I hope to see you again," said Ford. "I'll see you at the Inauguration," responded Carter. "You can be my guest," said Ford. Summed up Sills: "It was awesome to look at the two boys because they are both carbon copies of their fathers. There was a little bit of tension." Maybe, but the show's only knockout must have been Beverly.

**BOND & GRIER REV UP A ROMANCE**



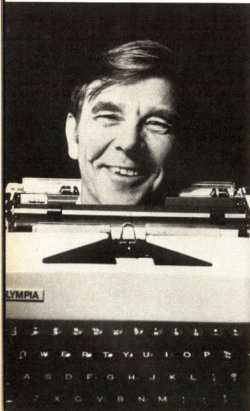
PHOTOGRAPH BY







MARK RUSSELL AT CARTER CORONATION



## Politics: No Laughing Matter

"Never make people laugh. If you would succeed in life, you must be solemn—solemn as an ass. All the great monuments are built over solemn asses."

In the century since an Ohio Senator offered that advice to future President James Garfield, few have taken it more seriously than the present aspirants to the White House. Whether at the debates or on the stump, both Jimmy Carter and Gerald Ford appear to be auditioning for Mount Rushmore. Their few attempts at humor have been elephantine or asinine, a condition that may make nearly half the electorate boycott the polling booths next month.

For the many columnists, cartoonists and comedians who provide the lunatic fringe of political commentary, this year's presidential race has not been a laughing matter. "The banality of the candidates destroys humorous comment," complains Roger Angell, humorist and a fiction editor of *The New Yorker*. To Johnny Carson, Carter v. Ford is "fear of the unknown v. fear of the known." Chirped veteran Mockingbird Mort Sahl: "Choosing between them is like choosing between Seacal and Nembutal."

Independent Candidate Eugene McCarthy—who says that if Common Cause and the *New York Times* had been around in 1776, "Thomas Jefferson would have had to change the Declaration of Independence to read, 'We pledge our lives, our sacred honor, and up to \$1,000'"—finds the current state of campaign humor "dreadful." Columnist Robert Yoakum polled nearly three dozen White House correspondents for their opinion of Administration humor. Not one rated the Ford funny bone favorably, and Washington *Post* Reporter Lou Cannon placed it "slightly ahead of the *Federal Register* and somewhat behind the *Congressional Record*."

**Grandchild Gap.** Russell Baker of the *New York Times*, one of the most literate of campaign jesters, finds that he has been devoting much of his election-year commentary to what he calls "common middle-class living experiences," like tennis, money, the strength of paper towels and the growing shortage of grandchildren ("Our kids aren't having kids any more"). These domestic dissertations, he reports, draw vastly more reader mail than his essays on politics. Indeed, in his 1976 extracurricular activities, Baker has abandoned politics to write a two-act musical with Composer Cy (Sweet Charity) Coleman about the American family. Baker claims his political ennui is so acute that he pines for ancient villainies. "I miss Nixon," he confesses. "I'd like to get him back. It's

possible, you know. He could run for another term."

Other humorists are less nostalgic—and more bountiful. They have found small seams of giddy gold in Carter's racy *Playboy* interview, Earl Butz's scurrilous remark, Ford's East European gaffe. If such breakthroughs continue, the contest might yet get something risible visible. "Voter apathy may be peaking too early," deadpans Columnist Bill Vaughan of the *Kansas City Star*. Adds Boston *Globe* Cartoonist Paul Szep: "I had to scrounge around for topics, but then in the last few weeks the goofs have been so numerous that my cartoons now come naturally." Among them: a Soviet soldier asking a comrade if he has heard "the latest Polish-Rumanian-Yugoslav joke."

**Chain Gang.** Meanwhile, Cartoonist Tony Auth of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* drew rock breakers in an Eastern European chain gang whispering, "President Ford declared our independence. Pass it on." And the Richmond *News-Leader's* Jeff MacNelly put Carter in a Texas barroom full of jug-eared Lyndon Johnson look-alikes; the candidate points to a portrait of L.B.J. over the bar and asks, "Say, who is that nasty-lookin' snake up there? He sure is ugly!"

Carter's admission that lust as well as trust can cross his mind is, according to Art Buchwald, "a gift from the gods." The humorist unwrapped the gift and wrote of his own mate eying him keenly at a party for signs of concupiscence. Chicago *Tribune* Columnist Michael Kilian examines Carter's statements on tax reform and concludes: "I'd much rather have Jimmy look with lust upon my wife than upon my wallet." Cartoonist Pat Oliphant recently drew Carter hiding among peanut sacks in the attic while Rosalynn went after him with a shotgun. "Jimmy Carter's campaign slogan is 'The White House or Bust,'" says Bob Hope. "Trouble is, he's not sure which he wants."

The *New York Daily News's* Gerald Nachman jests that Carter has also given an interview to *Penthouse*, admitting that the candidate "not only coveted his neighbor's wife but also his house, his servant, his ass and his ox," and that he took the Lord's name in vain four times while in the Navy. "Well, nobody's perfect," Nachman imagines Carter explaining, "but sometimes I come pretty doggone close." Chicago *Daily News* Columnist Mike Royko has an admission of his own about lust on the lustings: "I, too, have looked at women with lust. While wearing dark glasses and without. Straight at them and out

\*But he could not be elected, according to the 22nd Amendment.





of the corner of my eye. Even in the rear view mirror... The last time it happened—and I'll never forget it—was about 25 minutes ago."

The ex-Secretary of Agriculture provided the Butz for a cascade of japes, among them the *National Observer's* John H. Corcoran Jr.'s report that Butz has left Government for "a life of tight smiles, loose shoes and a warm place to regret his oral indiscretions"; Johnny Carson's desire for "a tight announcer, a loose audience and a warm place to do my monologue"; Washington stand-up comedian and syndicated columnist (100 papers) Mark Russell's information that Midwestern Wasps like Butz and Ford want only "no sex, tight shoes and pay toilets."

Funnily enough, the candidates' political pratfalls were expected a lot sooner. Ford and Carter came into the campaign like Herblock caricatures. The Hard-Nosed Bumbler ("We must either shorten our Presidents or lengthen our helicopter doors," said Bill Vaughan) was opposed by the Born-Again Peanut Farmer ("I pray 25 times a day," Carter was misquoted by Mort Sahl, "but I've never asked God to make me President because I didn't want to take advantage of the relationship"), with teeth like Bugs Bunny ("That man can eat a pineapple through a tennis racket," observed Comedian Pat Paulsen). But Ford's maladroitness as a topic was short-lived, and as Planters and Mimic Rich Little discovered, "There is only so much you could do with peanuts."

Not surprisingly, the candidates' families began to receive more attention—the Fords with their confessions about premarital pot and clandestine sex. And as for the Carters: "There's a mother who was in the Peace Corps, a sister who's a faith healer, another sister who rides motorcycles, a brother who runs a gas station and another who wants to be President," says Russell Baker. "Sounds like a situation comedy."

Many exasperated humorists still find that the primary also-rans offered them richer fare than the winners. Ronald Reagan captured the Texas primary, concluded Mark Russell, because he

promised to extend the state's borders southward to Panama and install an exact-change lane in the canal. (Reagan's Panama hat is now worn by California Senatorial Candidate S.I. Hayakawa, who insists: "We should keep the canal. We stole it fair and square.") Chevy Chase on NBC's *Saturday Night* rather sickly reported that George Wallace, "aiming to set the record straight" about his physical qualifications for the presidency, "demonstrated his strength at a luncheon today by crushing a small child with his bare hands."

**Little Town.** In the absence of comedy from their leaders, the vice-presidential candidates make small jabs—and oversized targets. Jimmy Carter announced during the Democratic Convention that the Lord would make his preference for running mate known to Carter in a vision, spoofs Mark Russell, and Walter Mondale "snuck into Carter's bedroom at 3 o'clock in the morning covered with luminous paint." The Minnesota Senator, who complains that people used to think Mondale was "a little town near Pasadena," said recently that "if Ford is going to talk to us about jobs, inflation and housing, then we ought to have Idi Amin come over here and talk to us about airport security." Republican Robert Dole recalls a Democrat petitioning his audience: "Gentlemen, let me tax your memories." Another leaped to his feet shouting "Why haven't we thought of that before?"

Ironically, neither Ford nor Carter lacks the makings of an amusing President. The incumbent has at least two professional gagwriters on his staff—though he sometimes fluffs their lines—and is said to laugh heartily at Chevy Chase's pratfallen Ford impersonations. Ford himself sometimes cracks that his Secret Service contingent receives combat pay when he plays golf. The out-cumbent used to tell campaign crowds a story about how, as a boy selling boiled peanuts in Plains, he found there were only two kinds of people in the world, "the good people and those who didn't buy any peanuts." But as Carter admitted to Mike Royko recently: "Somebody analyzed that joke and wrote that it

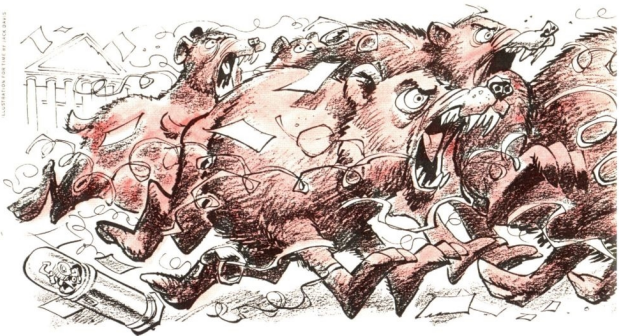
meant I was ruthless. So I decided to be more careful about telling jokes."

Perhaps both candidates sense that the post-Watergate times do not cry out for levity. Yet Carter and Ford are history-minded men, keenly aware that comedy is as much a part of the political process as the polling booth. And if, as Freud observed, laughter is a release from tension, campaign '76 may provide more merriment than a thousand less ambitious situation comedies. "Nobody feels he has any control, and the only way people participate in governments is by laughing at the candidates," theorizes Hal Goodman, one-half of Johnny Carson's writing team. Adds Larry Klein, the other half: "Laughing is the only form of revolt we have in this country."

**Campaign Humor.** Political humorists are the founding fathers of new plans to ensure voters that revolutionary right in future elections. Mark Russell has launched a campaign for federal quality control of campaign humor at the source. "I'm introducing the Federal Joke Registration Act," he reports, "under which politicians must audition before a Federal Joke Review Board composed of Ed Muskie, John Gronouski, Peter Rodino, Muhammad Ali and Barbara Jordan." And Gerald Nachman has come up with a splendid suggestion. Presidential terms are too long and campaigns too infrequent, he feels, to overcome the soporific aftereffects of a pair like Ford and Carter. "It would be nice to have a new President every year to give us new material," concludes Nachman. "If he were funny enough we could elect him for another year."

ART BUCHWALD IN BICENTENNIAL BYPLAY





## WALL STREET

## Casting a Vote of Less Confidence

Suddenly, it seemed, the stock market had become a kind of political poll, one that pointed down, down, down—down on Ford's chances of staying in the White House, down on Carter's populist economics, and down, or at least doubtful, on the strength of the nation's economic recovery. As the election approached and investors caught the jitters, the calm but healthy bull market that developed with the onset of recovery last year seemed to have been taken over by the bears. In five days of busy trading last week, the 30 stocks of the Dow Jones industrial average, still the most widely watched Wall Street barometer, plunged 15 points. The index touched 932, its lowest level since January, before picking up again to close the week at 937.

All together, the Dow had worried down 90 points since the slide began in mid-September. That represented an 8% drop in share values inside of a month, which translates into a paper loss of \$105 billion for the millions of Americans who own stocks directly or through mutual funds and pension funds. Among the biggest losers have been stocks in such basic industries as metals, chemicals and paper, which had been market leaders for most of the year. IBM closed last week at 262, down 20 points since the middle of September. In the same period, Du Pont fell from 129 to

118, Dow Chemical from 45 to 40, and General Dynamics from 54 to 46.

Another casualty has been the euphoric mood that gripped the market in the early part of the year. Back then, stock prices rose on the crest of a robust 9%-plus economic growth rate. For a while, stock analysts were happily forecasting an "upside breakout" that would lead the market to a new alltime high above the January 1973 peak of 1051.70. Though business began to slow in April, economists in and out of Government remained convinced that it was just a temporary lull. Investors' expectations remained high, and the Dow hovered around 1000 through most of the summer.

**No Waves.** Then Carter emerged victorious from the Democratic primary wars, talking of using taxes to redistribute the nation's wealth, creating standby wage-price controls, launching expensive new social programs and generally impressing Wall Street as being anti-business. Though far from satisfied with Ford, investors prefer him to Carter, regarding the President as a man likely to follow a steady course and not make unwanted waves. As Carter's campaign gained, stumbled, then gained again, Wall Street marked time, waiting to see if Ford could catch up.

On top of the political uncertainty, the so-called pause in the recovery has

proved far more persistent than most experts expected. In the April-June period, the economy's rate of expansion narrowed to a less boomy but still acceptable 4.5%, but inflation rose to an annual rate of 6%, up from about 3% in the first quarter. Since then, moreover, almost all the major indicators have been pointing to an even slower rate of growth in the third quarter. Though official Government estimates on expansion for the period will not be out until this week, most economists have already scaled down their earlier growth forecasts from 4% to 3%, or less. All at once fear settled like a fall frost on Wall Street, chilling investor confidence and sending stock prices spiraling downward in the worst plunge of the year.

As usual, many investors are overreacting to what could still be a temporary, if prolonged, lull in business and an overwrought perception of what a Carter Administration might mean for business. Says Newton Zinder, chief economist of E.F. Hutton: "The outlook for the market still appears good, though it is lower than most expectations."

He has a point. As recently as Sept. 21, when the Dow average nosed up to 1015—a three-year high—stocks did not seem overpriced, as measured by their price-earnings ratios. Then, too, interest rates have been behaving, though less as a result of Federal Reserve Board



## ECONOMY & BUSINESS

money policies than as a consequence of sluggish loan demand. The prime lending rate charged by banks to businessmen, which stood at  $7\frac{1}{4}$  last January, has bobbed up and down in a narrow range through most of the year and is now at 6%.

In addition, according to Harold Ehrlich, president of Bernstein-Macaulay, a firm that specializes in managing pension funds, much of Wall Street's hand-wringing over a possible Carter victory is not historically justified. Says Ehrlich: "The market has generally

done better under Democrats than Republicans because economic growth under Democrats is usually faster, which has generally meant a faster growth of corporate profits." For example, in the first year of every Democratic Administration since 1948, the stock market rose an average of 15.6%; in the first year of every Republican Administration since then, stocks have declined by an average of 11.5%.

Still, there is cause for edginess. As Bud Simons, research chief of Weedon & Co., notes, "We will not get back to

1000 until we get some signs that the economy is improving." There is little chance of that happening, at least in the next few weeks. Thus some brokers now believe that stock prices will continue to slip, dragging the Dow down to a low of 900 or so before Election Day. Indeed, some analysts believe that such a drop might be a healthy correction that would leave the market poised for a new and sustained upward march later on. For the moment, however, the state of the market can offer little solace to Ford, Carter or the investing public.

### More Signals on the Slowdown

Aside from the slumping stock averages, the signals on the economy's health last week were mixed. On the bright side, the University of Michigan's quarterly Survey of Consumer Attitudes found a "very favorable" outlook for the kind of open-wallet spending needed to continue the recovery. For the first time in three years, in fact, a majority of the families polled thought it was a favorable time to buy big-ticket household items like furniture, refrigerators and TV sets. Yet other key indicators suggested continued economic softness. In September, retail sales rose an almost imperceptible 1% over August. Higher spending on farm equipment and fall clothing was largely offset by a sharp drop in auto purchases. Moreover, the industrial production index, at 131.3, remained unchanged from August, the first time factory output had failed to rise since March 1975.

Some more definitive answers as to whether the recovery is in a pause or actually in peril are due this week:

**PRICES.** While inflation is far below the nearly 17% annual rate prevailing when Ford took office, consumer prices have edged up from 2.9% in the first quarter to 6.2% in August. The September rate is not expected to rise much more.

**HOUSING.** In August, housing starts were running at an annual rate of 1.5 million, up 11% from July. Compared with the 2.7 million starts posted in February 1972, new home construction, which provides an enormous market for furnishings, appliances and other goods, still has a long way to go. It has been one of the drags on the recovery, and is not expected to show any great improvement in September.

**GROWTH.** The latest report on the economy's rate of expansion—and the last to appear before the election—is certain to show further slowdown, but how much? After the booming 9.2% pace of the first quarter, the growth rate slipped to 4.5% in the second. Clearly seeking to mitigate possible bad news about the third quarter this week, President Ford said that the July-September rate would be lower still—"about 4%"—but predicted a pickup to 5% or more in the last quarter. If the July-September rate turns out to be 3% or even less, as some economists are forecasting, the Democrats will have further ammunition for their charge that the Republicans should have adopted more expansionist tax and spending programs last summer. Indeed, there is talk—in and out of the Administration—that unless the economy shows more snap and ginger soon, a new tax cut may be needed early next year to get the recovery moving forcefully again, no matter who wins on Nov. 2.





## CORPORATIONS

# Behind the Purge at



At 11 one morning last week, the directors of CBS Inc. walked into the 35th-floor boardroom of the company's headquarters tower in mid-Manhattan for their monthly meeting. They could not fail to notice the one empty seat at the huge, 17-place mahogany table—the seat reserved for President Arthur R. Taylor—but no one said anything about it. They had all been warned of what was going to happen next. CBS Chairman William S. Paley, 75, wasted no time. He announced that Taylor, 41, a financial wizard whom Paley himself hand-picked in 1972 for the presidency, had resigned, effective immediately. What “the Chairman,” as Paley is known at CBS, did not say was that just a few hours earlier he had summoned Taylor to his office—and fired him.

Paley had other announcements. Next April, he said, he himself would give up his post as CBS's chief executive officer, though he would remain as chairman. To fill Taylor's job, he named John D. Backe, 44, the president of CBS's publishing division. Then, as if to calm ruffled nerves, came a flood of impressive figures. CBS's third-quarter profits rose to a record \$40.8 million on sales of \$525 million. That was a big jump from the same period last year, when the company earned \$29.1 million on revenues of \$461 million, and clearly pointed the way to CBS's first \$2 billion year. The directors quietly approved all the decisions and adjourned at 12:20.

**Charming Autocrat.** The shake-up at Black Rock, as the CBS glass-and-granite monolith on Sixth Avenue is known, caught the broadcast industry by surprise—including senior executives at CBS. “This comes as a complete bolt out of the blue,” said a corporate spokesman, struggling to explain the changes. What everyone wanted to know was: Why? Why had Taylor been fired after leading CBS to ever greater financial success and presumably having been selected by Paley to succeed him? Why had Backe, who had no experience in broadcasting—the heart of CBS's operations—been chosen as the next president? Why was Paley giving up one of his jobs?

The last question was easiest to answer, and indeed holds the key to the others. Paley's resignation as C.E.O. means virtually nothing. Renowned as perhaps the greatest of broadcasting's pioneers—and as an autocrat of considerable taste and charm—he has run the company ever since 1928, when he bought control of the 16 radio stations that were to become the Columbia Broadcasting System. CBS now has some 213 television and 255 radio affiliates, plus divisions producing records, musical instruments, and books and magazines. Since he was the man who

created this still burgeoning enterprise, Paley apparently has no intention of relinquishing control of it.

“Look,” argued one longtime observer of the ways of Black Rock, “if Paley had wanted to bow out, he would have bowed out this week and not waited until next April.” CBS insiders pointed to the fact that Paley even then will remain not only chairman of the company but its biggest stockholder, with about 1.5 million shares. Says an old Paley student, CBS Director Frank Stanton, 68: “I foresee no critical change.”

**Ax Men.** Stanton should know. The first of Paley's presumed corporate heirs, he joined CBS in 1935, became president in 1946, and always expected to take over when the chairman reached retirement age of 65. But when that date finally arrived in 1966, Paley announced that he would not step down after all; it was Stanton who retired at 65. His successor was Charles T. Ireland, a financial expert hired away from International Telephone & Telegraph in 1971 to guide an ambitious acquisitions program. When Ireland died of a heart attack the next year, another outsider with financial savvy was brought in: Arthur Taylor, then a 37-year-old whiz kid from International Paper Co.

Taylor once remarked that “people either like me or they don't.” Many did not. Wielding a corporate ax as probably only an outsider could, he consolidated some unprofitable operations, sold off others (including the then losing New York Yankees), and imposed rigid cost controls, all of which trimmed a case of middle-age corporate spread at CBS and led the company to 17 straight quarters of high profit. But some executives bridled at what they considered Taylor's arrogance, which apparently grew as quickly as the company's earnings. It is said that Taylor once stormed up to a man using a telephone booth in Washington and shouted at him to get out, announcing, “I am president of CBS!”

Taylor's hard-nosed style did not go over well with the people making TV films, either. Says a Hollywood executive: “Producers and stars are generally individualistic. They don't respond well to corporate thinking. Taylor wasn't easy with the people out here.” Taylor also irked newsmen by lecturing them on freedom of the press. When his managers objected to his attempts to be what one calls “a conscience of the industry,” he overrode them.

Paley had more tangible reasons to be upset. This year CBS is having trou-



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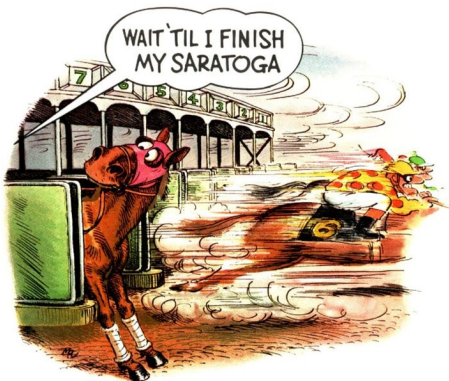
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## ECONOMY & BUSINESS

ble coming up with big new TV shows. For the first time since the 1950s, the company is behind ABC and NBC in the audience ratings. Since programming is not a direct responsibility of CBS's president, Taylor might seem to be free of responsibility for the plunge in ratings or the consequent six-point drop in CBS stock since the new TV season began last month. But Paley, some insiders believe, blamed Taylor. He invented the industry's new "family viewing hour"—the sanitized period between 8 and 9 p.m. in which programming is supposed to be free of sex and violence. To meet family-hour standards, CBS had to move popular shows like *All in the Family* into later time slots, where their ratings dropped; some newer shows (*Doc*, *Switch*, *Spencer's Pilots*) are mired in the bottom 50.

**King's Wrath.** Another apparent irritant to Paley came in 1973 when Taylor hired an International Paper executive, presumably to fill his shoes when he stepped into Paley's. Says former CBS Programming Chief Michael Dann: "There is no such thing as power politics at CBS. Power rests with the throne and Mr. Paley is the king." Adds Dann: "When the old man gets mad, he gets mad. And when he gets mad, he lets go his wrath." A board member puts it another way: "CBS is the house that Paley built, and he simply didn't want to leave it in the hands of Arthur Taylor."

Whether Paley will want to entrust it to John Backe (pronounced Backey) remains to be seen. Backe is also an outsider. The son of an employee of B.F. Goodrich in Akron, he went to Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, served in the Air Force, then joined General Electric and studied at Cincinnati's Xavier University for a degree in business administration. In 1966 Backe moved to Silver Burdett, the publishing arm of General Learning Corp., a joint venture of GE and Time Inc. By 1969 he had become president of General Learning, leaving it in 1973 to head up CBS's publishing group,\* where he boosted sales from \$150 million to \$207 million in three years.

"Backe is a bright and capable manager's manager," says a CBS director. Adds a former colleague: "He has an analytical mind. He can be very warm and attractive, but he's tough in business. John also has a quality of dash that goes with his hobby of flying planes." Yet Backe is not well known at Black Rock—his offices were in a publishing house on Madison Avenue—and he will have to learn fast about the rest of the company, particularly its broadcasting area. He will get help, of course, from the man who likes being needed—and plans to keep on filling that key role at CBS as long as possible—William S. Paley.

\*Three publishing houses—Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Popular Library and W.B. Saunders—and 23 magazines, including *Feld & Stream*, *World Tennis* and *Road & Track*. The division also has negotiated to buy Fawcett Publications.

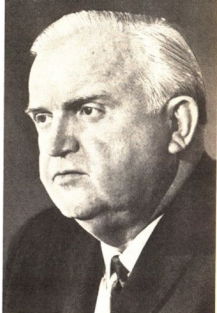
## UNIONS

### The Big-Spending Sailors

It is scarcely surprising that the political clout of such big and powerful unions as the Teamsters and the United Mine Workers is often headline matter. But in recent weeks the unions that have been making the most news are neither large nor well known. They are a handful of obscure maritime organizations whose names and numbers are hardly impressive: the Marine Engi-

neers

itime unions have donated more than \$1.4 million to at least 170 individual candidates. Reportedly, they have another \$1 million ready to hand out before Election Day. All told, their political contributions will be the largest of any interest group except the American Medical Association, the dairy organizations and the AFL-CIO itself. MEBA accounts for 70% of the maritime unions'



SEAGOING UNION CHIEFS: MEBA'S JESSE CALHOUN & SEAFARERS' PAUL HALL  
Operating on an assumption that politics is pork chops.

neers Beneficial Association, or MEBA (9,500 members), the Seafarers International (12,000), the National Maritime Union (45,000) and the International Organization of Masters, Mates and Pilots (9,500).

**Buck Passers.** The maritime unions were propelled into the spotlight in late September when Special Prosecutor Charles Ruff began investigating reports that President Ford had made illegal use of union campaign contributions. Ford had indeed received legal campaign contributions from the unions, and Ruff last week cleared him of any wrongdoing regarding these funds. Thus the net effect of the whole episode may be to emphasize a fact long familiar in Washington: the little maritime unions are some of the biggest and boldest political spenders around. "No one is busier on Capitol Hill," says a congressional staffer who handles merchant marine matters. "The maritime guys are everywhere, passing out bucks like there is no tomorrow."

So far in campaign '76, the four mar-

political largesse; its members shell out \$56 a year each in campaign contributions, compared with less than \$1 on the average for members of other trade unions.

Why do the maritime unions contribute so heavily? The answer is simply that they need ever greater federal subsidies in order to keep the dwindling U.S. merchant fleet afloat. As Paul Hall, the crusty president of the Seafarers, puts it, "Politics is pork chops."

On their own, the 13 surviving U.S. merchant shipping lines and 14 shipyards could never survive. Partly as a result of high wages won by the unions, the U.S. long ago virtually priced itself out of the ocean cargo transport business. According to the U.S. Maritime Administration, the daily operating cost on a 90,000-dead-weight-ton U.S. ship is \$14,300, v. \$10,800 for a Norwegian and \$9,700 for some Liberian-flag ships. Over the years, dozens of American shipowners have switched their colors to the so-called flags of convenience, notably Panama and Liberia, whose

## ECONOMY & BUSINESS

regulations allow owners to pay lower wages and require fewer costly safety measures. The result has been a long, steep decline in the U.S. merchant fleet: from its position of undisputed No. 1 in 1945, it has plummeted to No. 10, behind even Italy, France and Japan. Today U.S. ships carry only 5% of American foreign trade.

Despite huge federal subsidies (\$502 million in fiscal '76), U.S. maritime employment has continued to fall; today there are only 27,000 seafaring jobs v. 66,000 ten years ago. One reason: new ships coming into service are twice as big and twice as fast as those they replace and need far fewer crew members. The unions thus battle to keep every job they can. MEBA President Jesse Calhoun has set up his union's own engineering-training institute in Baltimore, and its graduates receive preferential treatment for the few available engineering berths in the U.S. merchant marine.

That is only one example of the kind of favor the maritime unions have been able to grab for themselves. In 1970 former President Richard Nixon signed the Merchant Marine Act, which provided federal subsidies for the construction of 300 new ships in U.S. yards within the next ten years. In 1974 the unions scored an even greater coup: they persuaded Congress to pass a bill that would require 30% of all U.S. petroleum imports to be carried in U.S. tankers by 1977. The bill was an especially important piece of revenge for the unions: they deeply resent the big U.S. oil companies for having placed their supertankers under foreign registry and hired non-U.S. crewmen.

**Good Friends.** But later, President Ford vetoed the bill; he feared that the higher transport costs in U.S. ships would only incite further inflation, then running above 11%. That irked the maritime men, especially MEBA's Calhoun. Says a top AFL-CIO official: "Jesse knows you've got to have friends in this business, and he's good at finding them." After Ford's apostasy, Calhoun threw the union's support behind Washington Democratic Senator Henry Jackson, who for defense reasons is a strong advocate of a healthy American merchant marine. Later, when Jackson's presidential chances began to fade, Calhoun approached another potential friend, Jimmy Carter. After several meetings, Carter gave Calhoun a letter in which he pledged, among other things, to help the U.S. merchant marine "win a right to haul a major portion of our own foreign cargo."

That is what Calhoun and his maritime cohorts want most of all—a guaranteed share of U.S. trade. Such a guarantee might rejuvenate the American merchant fleet, but in the long run it would harm the nation's overall trading position by making U.S. exports more expensive. In return for Carter's promise, the union promptly raised \$200,000 for his campaign.



ECONOMIST MILTON FRIEDMAN HOLDING FORTH IN HIS CHICAGO STUDY

## AWARDS

### Medal for a Monetarist

When he learned last week that the Swedish Royal Academy of Science had chosen him as this year's winner of the Nobel Prize in Economics, the University of Chicago's feisty Milton Friedman pronounced himself "happy and pleased." But, he added with characteristic bluntness, "it is not the pinnacle of my career. The true judges of my work are today's economists." Brooklyn-born Friedman, 64, leader of the so-called Chicago School of monetarist economics, thus became the sixth American to win or share the tax-free \$160,000 award since the prize in economics was established eight years ago.

The Nobel committee cited Friedman for "independence and brilliance" as an economic thinker, and there, certainly, other economists would agree. In some ways, it was a peculiar award to come out of Stockholm, the capital of the West's most thoroughgoing welfare state. Politically, Friedman is the most conservative American economist of note today. In economic policy, he is committed to laissez-faire, free-market solutions. He has, in fact, not had—or sought—much influence even in the Republican-occupied White House since August 1971, when Richard Nixon announced a pay-price freeze to fight the Viet Nam-era inflation. Friedman quit as a Nixon adviser, announcing with characteristic acerbity that the freeze was "pure window dressing, which will do harm rather than good."

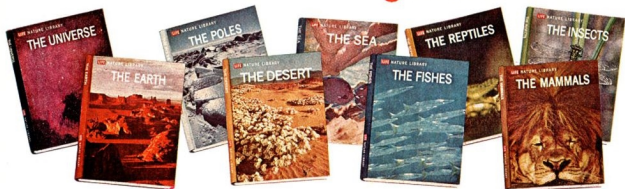
**Big Gap.** What the Nobel committee clearly intended to honor was not Friedman's politics but his contributions to practical economic theory. "It is very rare," said Friedman's citation, "for an economist to wield such influence, directly and indirectly, not only on the direction of scientific research but also on actual policies." One of Friedman's most influential achievements goes back to the 1950s, when he refuted a once widely accepted element of Keynesian economics: the idea that rich people save a greater proportion of their incomes than

do the poor. Among other implications, this meant that developing countries should preserve a big gap in income between rich and poor, in order to encourage growth. Friedman countered that notion with his own theory of "permanent income": Whether rich or poor, consumers will spend less if they expect their income to be temporary than if they expect the same income level to continue permanently.

The best known area of Friedman's economic iconoclasm has been his ideas on monetarism. Friedman's argument, laid out in his 1963 work, *A Monetary History of the United States, 1867-1960*, co-authored with Anna Schwartz, is that to bring about stability—steady expansion in jobs and incomes without flaring inflation—Government policymakers need only to pursue a gradual, controlled growth in the money supplied by the Federal Reserve. By reducing the nation's money supply in the 1930s, Friedman argues, the Federal Reserve Board caused a recession to turn into the Great Depression.

**Cult Hero.** Since the 1960s, when most economists were committed to the Keynesian view that a balance between inflation and unemployment was best maintained by a "fine tuning" of Government spending levels and other kinds of intervention (including controls), the policymakers have indeed paid more attention to monetary factors. That trend has been reinforced because Keynesian stimulative measures for a while seemed to perform uncertainly during the recent bout with "slumpflation." Many economists still feel that Friedman's following remains more of a cult than a school, but the Federal Reserve Board recently made a bow to Friedmanism by formally setting annual targets for expanding the money supply. In the past, Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, who taught Friedman when he was a student at Rutgers in the 1930s, remained unconvinced by the monetarists. Now he, like many other economists, seems persuaded that "money matters," at least somewhat, even if they do not fully agree with Friedman that "only money matters."

# Earth, sea and sky... a universe brimming with life...



This is the universe  
... perhaps some  
10 billion light-years  
wide ... where comets  
fly, supernovae  
explode, galaxies are  
born and die ...

... and this is a tiny  
speck of it, the  
planet we call earth  
... a strange,  
wonderful, and  
improbable world ...

... so cold in spots  
the temperature  
plunges to  $-140^{\circ}$  and  
the ice sheet is 9,200  
feet thick ... so warm  
in others the  
temperature has  
reached  $136^{\circ}$   
in the shade ...

... and where nature  
decided that, despite  
the cold, despite the  
heat, despite everything,  
life was going to  
win out in a million  
ways ... life that probably  
originated here  
in the shade ...

... where it flourishes  
today even at depths  
of six miles ...

... life that moved  
onto the land ...

## the incredible story of nature



... and took wing ...

... all depending on  
(and making possible)  
a variety of vegetation  
from tiny flowers to  
massive redwoods ...

... existing in an  
intricate chain that  
relates every living  
thing on the face  
of the earth ...

... groping for new  
and better ways of  
survival ...

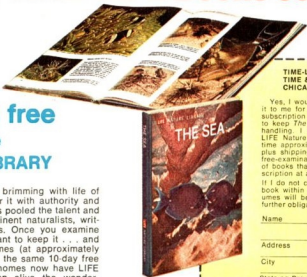
... survival largely by  
instinct ...

... and, in one of nature's  
most amazing creations,  
survival by imagination, by  
thought, by the intelligence  
of the human brain that is  
able to read this right now!

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## ENVIRONMENT

### An Act in Time

*"It isn't the pox that menaces us any more, or the plague. It's strange new creatures of our own making, and they are all around us—in the air, our water and food, and in the things we touch."*

—Russell Train, Administrator,  
Environmental Protection Agency

Thousands of Americans are already suffering the grim consequences of excessive exposure to such chemicals as asbestos, vinyl chloride, carbon tetrachloride and polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs), which can—and too often do—cause metabolic disorders, birth defects or even cancer. But now there is hope that many others may be spared such agonies in the future. Calling it "one of the most important pieces of environmental legislation to come out of Congress," President Ford last week signed into law a bill that requires pre-market testing of new chemicals.

In the past, chemicals were almost always assumed to be innocent until proven guilty. The Toxic Substances Control Act (TSCA) reverses this presumption. Under TSCA, chemical manufacturers are required to give the Environmental Protection Agency at least three months' notice before beginning commercial production of a new chemical or before marketing an existing chemical for a new use. If the EPA sees no risks, it can simply give the chemical company the go-ahead sign.

But if the EPA considers the chemical potentially dangerous—or feels that its hazards have been insufficiently analyzed—it can act to keep it off the market. The law allows the agency to issue an order prohibiting or limiting production of the chemical either indefinitely or pending further testing. If a manufacturer objects, the agency can obtain a court injunction simply by showing that the substance in question has not been adequately tested.

**Good Start.** Environmentalists had hoped that Congress would impose even more stringent regulations, but TSCA is considered a good start. The Manufacturing Chemists Association believes that the nation's chemical companies can live with the new regulations. However, the expense to industry will be high; the association's estimates range from a low of \$360 million up to \$1.3 billion. An EPA estimate of \$143 million was considered 30% too low by the General Accounting Office.

Whatever the cost, the need for control is obvious. In addition to the 2 million man-made chemical compounds that already exist, scientists develop an additional 25,000 new ones annually. Of this huge total, at least 1,000 a year are put into production and thus into the environment.



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"From thy full-moon wedding with the creature who touches heaven, lady, God preserve thee."

**A**ccording to the marvelously clever, yet touching script for the new \$24 million film version of *King Kong*, this starkly poetic, spookily enigmatic warning was found—drawn in blood, naturally—on the thwart of an empty lifeboat discovered adrift in the South Pacific in 1749. Next to it, natch, there was a "likeness of some huge slouchy humanoid thing."

Chills. Shuddery anticipation, as Jeff Bridges, playing the Princeton paleontologist who is but the first of millions who will soon believe that Kong lives, speaks this line in the wardrobe of an oil-company ship. The vessel is exploring the ocean's remoter reaches in search of a petroleum strike that the expedition's comically cynical leader (Charles Grodin) is convinced will turn the energy crisis around.

Like the first *King Kong*, produced 43 years ago, the new version plunges one quickly into the heart of that special critical darkness indigenous to the movies. On the face of it, nothing could be more preposterous than this story of the love affair between the oddest couple in popular culture: a blonde whose beauty is matched only by her dimness of mind (at least in the original) and an ape who is 40 ft. tall, fierce of mien and manner, yet at heart just a big adolescent, stumbling spectacularly through the throes of his first—often literally crushing—crush. At best it is low camp, at worst a lunacy that should have sent people howling into the night long before Kong hauled himself to the top of the Empire State Building for the climactic battle with the biplanes that is one of the great iconic sequences of movie history.

Yet somehow it worked, back in the early days of talking pictures, and damned if it does not look like it is going to work again, in a supposedly more sophisticated age. The ultimate triumph of special effects over common sense? A weird sexual charge, heavy in portent, reassuringly innocent in presentation? A comic strip rendering of a myth dredged up out of the collective unconscious and splashed so boldly on the screen that the audience is awed into acceptance by its sheer audacity? Or is it, finally, just an act of primal showmanship, a Barnum-like invitation to admit to ourselves that we are all members of the great fraternity of suckerhood and simply revel in the release of cultural inhibitions that admission sometimes encourages?

Big unanswerable questions those. It is perhaps ungrateful even to ask them, so excellently is the first hour and a half of the film playing to carefully selected audiences. The tiny groups huddled in a cavernous screening room on the MGM back lot feel the beginnings of that rarest of reactions—the warm glow that comes over people in the presence of a confidently conceived, exuberantly executed work of popular movie art.

Last week Producer Dino de Laurentiis offered this sample of his Christmas-trade epic to the National Association of Theater Owners Convention in Los Angeles and drew a rave response. Already he has recouped his entire cost in the form of advances from these shrewd and, currently, very gloomy entrepreneurs. The theater owners devoted the rest of the week mainly to alternating spasms of anger and depression. Hollywood, they say, is not giving them anywhere near the number of films they would like to have; most of those that do come down the pipes continue straight on down the tubes shortly after opening.

Ever willing to clutch at straws, movie people have been more than anxious to clutch at the hairy hide of the wonderfully exploitable gorilla who is not only house-high but has a soul as well. Ever since production was announced, *King Kong* had the potential to be what the industry annually requires, a "big bopper," as they say in the trade. A gen-

uine big bopper is something on the order of *The Godfather*, *The Exorcist*, *The Sting* or, to name the film most like *Kong*, *Jaws*. It should generate domestic grosses of \$50 million to \$100 million and, almost as important, a public excitement that spreads from the particular film to movies in general. Such a sequence reassures film people that the huge risks inherent in their game need not be in vain and that they are not presiding over the final agony of an industry that has been in decline for over a quarter of a century.

Thus, whether there is a full moon out that night or not, the wedding of "the creature who touches heaven" with an audience that is bound to touch the tens of millions is a devoutly wished-for consummation. It begins Dec. 17 with *Kong's* simultaneous release in an unprecedented 1,200 U.S. theaters and is something movie folk anticipate with tremulous excitement. It can only grow more giddy as the \$15 million promotion and advertising campaign mounts in fury during the coming weeks.

All of this is swell for the producer, for Paramount, which put up \$6 million in return for the U.S. distribution rights; and for the rest of the backers, mostly European bankers. But the really good news—assuming the last half of the picture is as exciting as the first—is that the movie lives up to its potential. *King Kong* looks to be a dream of a bopper.

Looking back now, with principal photography long since completed and Director John Guillermin supervising the finishing touches on the 2-hr. 15-min. final cut, it is difficult to see how anyone could have doubted the outcome. Yet *Kong*

COVER STORY

# HERE COMES KING KONG

has been fraught with perils—mostly having to do with the technical problems of bringing it off—that have bent minds and budgets ever since it went into production last January.

No one ever doubted the strength of the material, however goony it sounds when outlined on the printed page. *Kong* was the invention of one of Dino de Laurentiis' spiritual forebears in the movie business, a pioneer aviator and movie-maker named Merian C. Cooper. He knew instinctively that what the *Beauty and the Beast* legend might lose in subtlety by converting the beast into a gigantic ape it would gain in raw power: such a creature is capable not merely of defiling his human bride but of killing her with sexual kindness should he accidentally lose control of his basically good and innocent nature. Cooper also understood that lots of wow special effects would distract people from dwelling morbidly or censoriously on the erotic implications of his tale.

BELOW, KING KONG IN A FIERCE HUMOR. AT RIGHT, HE PROFFERS TENDER ATTENTIONS  
TO A FRIGHTENED, AFFRONTED JESSICA LANGE.



*Photographs by John Bryson.*







COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM TOP: KONG STOMPS THROUGH A TERRIFIED SHEA STADIUM CROWD; NATIVES OFFER BEAUTY TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BEAST; IN PURSUIT OF JESSICA, KONG TRASHES A MANHATTAN BUILDING; THE KING FALLEN FROM A WORLD TRADE CENTER TOWER, A COVER BOY TO THE END.





How right he was. *Kong* opened just after F.D.R. closed the banks in 1933. Even so, it grossed \$90,000 during its first four days' run in New York and has sustained its popularity through an infinite succession of re-releases in the decades that followed. More important, it achieved the legendary status of classic kitsch, the charm of which remained undimmed by innumerable cheap rip-offs and overexposure on TV. The great monkey has become a pop culture staple in everything from cartoons to ad campaigns. Even before the movie's release, kids who could not possibly have seen the old *Kong* are eagerly awaiting the big fella's new incarnation. As for adults, even members of the testy, loyal cult that has grown up around the original film, how can they resist an à la mode *Kong*, coming at them off a wide screen with all the latest in special-effects techniques?

Special effects, of course, lie at the heart of the movie's appeal. Yet it may be that for all the ballyhoo about mechanics, the real secret of *Kong*'s success will lie in the intelligence with which the screenwriter, Lorenzo Semple Jr. (creator of TV's *Batman*), approached the problem of updating *Kong*.



DIRECTOR GUILLERMO DEL TORO CONTEMPLATING HIS 40-FT. STAR

"I just slap my head and say, 'Oh my God, this is an inspiration! I remake the old Kong. I give them quality.'"

"I'm not saying *Kong* is a serious film—with quotation marks around serious," says Semple. "What I am saying is that I think the script was just serious enough—without any snide winking at the audience. The trick was to walk a delicate line between screen romance and high camp."

**D**elicate may sound like the last word to apply to *King Kong*, but that is the quality that springs to mind as the completed portions of the new film unravel. Semple has retained the original plot line; all the major incidents everyone remembers are still present, believably updated. But the talky, simple-minded exposition of the original has vanished. Characters have been given at least two dimensions (one more than they had in 1933) and some genuinely witty lines. The movie is on to itself. It knows it is trafficking in absurdity. What matters is that this ironic self-awareness does not shatter the drama or the audience's growing sympathy for both the terrified girl whom the natives capture in order to sacrifice her to their ape god, and the befuddled creature who cannot help loving her unwisely, not to say impossibly.

Still, one cannot avoid the fact that it is word about the film's spectacular effects that has attracted most of the pre-release interest in *Kong*, and will surely bring in the people early in the run. And, of course, troubles with the hardware have created most of the drama during *Kong*'s filming. Indeed, it is fair to say that if there is something like a common

denominator in the big bopper genre, it is special effects. Among the important elements drawing people to films as diverse as *The Exorcist*, *Earthquake* and *Jaws* was the sheer movie magic they featured. From the start it was generally, and to some degree falsely, understood that the new *Kong* would stand or fall on how realistic the big monkey would seem on screen. Producer De Laurentiis, being no fool, has stressed the expense of his efforts to satisfy the shrewd eye as to *Kong*'s believability, while playing up the drama of doing so against a self-imposed deadline of release before Christmas 1976.

**T**hat deadline arose out of De Laurentiis' passion for the picture, an obsession that came upon him suddenly one morning a couple of years back, when he still had his headquarters in New York. It was Dino's duty to awaken his daughter Francesca, then 15, to get her off for school, but as often as he performed that task he failed to notice the old movie poster in her room. Then one morning he had to return a second time to shake her into wake-

JOHN BRYSON



PRODUCER DE LAURENTIIS (RIGHT) WORKS OUT PROBLEMS WITH STAFF  
"I just slap my head and say, 'Oh my God, this is an inspiration! I remake the old Kong. I give them quality.'"

fulness, and that was the day he saw the poster—which advertised the original *Kong*. "I just slap my head and say, 'Oh my God, this is an inspiration.' I remake the old Kong."

His instinct was sound. "I study the big-box-office movies in the last 30 years," says De Laurentiis in an English fractured by enthusiasm. "Nearly all are family movies. I see *Kong* as the greatest love story ever made, a picture for everyone." The trouble was, when Dino fell in love with *Kong*, almost everyone he went to for financing told him he was crazy, that the only interest in *Kong* was purely nostalgic and that \$10 million—his first, modest budget estimate—was too much to risk on that quasi-emotion.

But it is usually a bad idea to argue with De Laurentiis' instincts. They have served him well for 57 years. The son of a Neapolitan pasta manufacturer, he quit school at 13 to work as a salesman for his father, gravitated to movies first as an actor, then—quite quickly—as a producer. Eventually he produced Fellini's first two international hits, *La Strada* and *Nights of Cabiria*, stealing a portion of the latter's negative to prevent the director's including a long monologue that De Laurentiis was convinced slowed the picture down.

It was the sexy *Bitter Rice*, starring Silvana Mangano, who became his wife, that made Dino his first fortune. He used the money to build Dino Città, his film studio in Rome. Thereafter he plunged big on spectacles like *War and Peace* and *The Bible*; tides of money ebbed and flowed. Four years ago, he moved his operations to the U.S. The reason: "I begin

## SHOW BUSINESS

to sniff trouble in Italia. I no like what I smell in the politics or the economy." He now says that his only mistake was not moving a decade earlier. "No other country makes room for foreigners. An American go to Europe to make movies, he be shut out. But European come here, everyone say, 'O.K., let's see what he can do.' My God, how wonderful!"

There have been flops, of course, like *The Valachi Papers*, but with *Serpico* and *Death Wish* De Laurentiis has made killings as well as an admirable reputation as a man who is as good as his word if he makes a verbal commitment (and a bad enemy to someone who breaks his word). Says Paramount Boss Barry Diller: "Ever since Dino arrived on the scene, the major studios have had to be much more on their toes. Dino moves fast and makes all his own decisions—none of this corporate delay for him." If *Kong* hits big—in the *Jaws* category—De Laurentiis could make \$100 million.

That would suit him fine since he lives baronially, if quietly, in a huge hilltop estate in Beverly Hills, recently purchased from a member of the Doheny family. He has the mandatory electric gate and swimming pool, and a dining room table that could very nearly accommodate the *Kong* cast. But money is not as much fun to him as the game in which it can be made or lost. Says an associate: "Dino is never happier than in a *King Kong* situation, where the stakes are enormous, where he can win or lose everything."

**I**t was doubtless the appeal to his gaming instinct that caused him to enter into negotiations with RKO for rights to remake the original while rounding up a portion of his financing. Then in June 1975 Universal released *Jaws*. It was a picture about a giant creature, and it started producers—notably Universal—thinking about other big-animal properties, like *Kong*. Universal also entered into negotiations with RKO and thought they had a deal when the sale to Dino was suddenly announced. Hurt feelings—and lawsuits—ensued. Both sides advertised start-shooting dates of Jan. 15 of this year, thinking to scare the other off. Says De Laurentiis: "We need four months to get ready to shoot, but I gotta show Universal that I'm ready when they are."

Eyeball to eyeball, Dino blinked briefly by proposing that he join forces with Universal to make the picture. "But they want their script. She is just a remake of *Kong*, set in the 1930s. I say, 'No, we gotta do the picture in modern day only.



**BUILDING FULL-SCALE KONG'S SHEA STADIUM CAST**  
3½ tons of aluminum, 1,012 lbs. of horsehair and \$1.7 million.

I do mine, you go to court." They did and eventually settled for a tidy 11% of De Laurentiis' take.

De Laurentiis is not likely to miss Universal's share too much. What he must begrudge his rivals, however, is the hasty start their maneuverings imposed on him. To be sure, Lorenzo Semple had been set to work on his script some months before. Dino had signed British Director John Guillermin, 50. It was a shrewd choice. Guillermin had demonstrated his ability to handle large-scale action on *The Towering Inferno*, as well as more intimate projects like *Guns at Batasi*. Hard-driving and hot-tempered, Guillermin is a technical perfectionist. According to associates, he is also a man temperamentally suited to withstand the frustrations of a production that was, as one of them puts it, "just day after day of coitus interruptus."

Everything—notably the mechanisms that controlled Kong and parts of Kong—kept breaking down.

The schedule forced Guillermin to start shooting before anyone had a clear conception of how Kong should look and how he should be made to work. Though the new *Kong*'s technicians correctly hold the first *Kong*'s special effects—magnificent for their time—in high esteem, no one wanted to duplicate what had been done then (as well as in hundreds of inexpensive monster pictures since): build a miniature model of the ape, place him in scaled-down sets, animate him through the use of stop-motion photography, and then blend this footage with that employing live actors. From the first, De Laurentiis had, characteristically, leaned toward the colossal. When he was talking Guillermin into signing on for the project,



**THE MIGHTY KONG'S CONTROL BOARD, WHICH REQUIRED 20 MEN TO OPERATE**  
"It was just day after day of coitus interruptus."

# Hiram Walker Blackberry Flavored Brandy.

## Ice Cream it.

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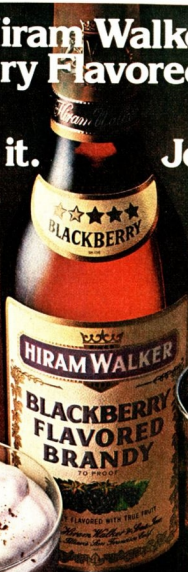
Soften 1 cup vanilla ice cream and combine with 2 oz. Hiram Walker Blackberry Flavored Brandy.

Fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped. Spoon into sherbet glass. Dust with chocolate bits. Top with fresh blackberry or raspberry. Serve immediately or freeze and serve at any time.

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he had cried, "For you, John, I make 100-ft. monster."

Well, almost. On Stage 17 at Metro there rests a creature 40 ft. tall when fully assembled, supported by a 3½-ton aluminum frame, his flesh made of latex and covered by 1,012 lbs. of horsetail hair purchased from an Argentine supplier, every hank of which was sewn into place individually. His innards consist of 3,100 ft. of hydraulic hose and 4,500 ft. of electrical wiring. He is animated by a team of 20 operators each working a lever that controls a single movement. The cost: \$1.7 million. Though this mighty construct was used extensively in only one sequence, he was worth every penny. "He's Dino's Fort Knox gold," says a production associate, since he served as an earnest of the producer's realistic intentions. And it is impossible to tell in the finished product where his work ends and that of more mobile and manageable representations of Kong take over.

Most of the action sequences, in which audiences see Kong rampaging around his jungle habitat or tearing around New

York, were done by a man in a monkey suit. He is Rick Baker, 25, a makeup man responsible for, among other things, aging Cicely Tyson to 100-plus in television's *Miss Jane Pittman*. "Slightly dippy about gorillas," admits Baker, he began making great ape costumes as a kind of hobby long before he signed on to create Kong's face and form for De Laurentiis. Baker was pressed into service *subito* when Dino's son Federico, 21, who has screen credit as executive producer, advertised in the Hollywood trade papers for "a tall, well-built black man" to play the monkey. The ad infuriated civil rights groups and created the film's major publicity gaffe. At that point, Baker slipped into one of his own creations and began playing Kong on sets scaled so that the 6-ft. Baker would look like a 40-ft. ape against them.

Baker's intensive study of these creatures paid off. Says Guillermin: "I spent long weeks at various zoos studying gorillas, especially how they move. I was stunned when Rick put that on suit. It was just damned eerie, because he was a gorilla in every move and gesture."

Rick enjoyed it too—most of the time. "I guess disappearing into my gorilla suit and thumping my chest has something to do with a transference of power. You really do feel pretty powerful down in there." Of course, it was not all mangoes and bananas for him. The temperature went over 100° inside his latex and bearskin outfit, and Baker sweated off 5 lbs. every working day. Then, too, he was not responsible for

his own facial expressions. He had five different masks to wear, depending on Kong's basic mood in the shot. The masks could be made to change expression—but not by Baker. Hydraulic facial "muscles" tug the features into smiles, frowns and full-scale rage. Kong in a lustful mood is a little masterpiece of technology, all controlled by a technician. Baker could not even let his own eyes be seen by the camera. "That's always been the giveaway," he says. "You can always tell a man's in the monkey suit by looking at the eyes." Therefore, he wears contact lenses that simulate a gorilla's orbs.

Possibly the most remarkable piece of Kongcraft, however, is the giant arms employed mainly to pick up and caress Jessica Lange, 27, the model-turned-actress who plays his inamorata, Dwan. The hands are 6 ft. across and the arms weigh 1,650 lbs. each. They were designed and built separate from the complete Kong body and suspended from a crane in order to lift Lange 30 or 40 ft. into the air. Again, hydraulics were used to manipulate the huge fingers, and there



FAY WRAY IN THE 1933 KONG

Even members of the original, loyal cult await the big fella's latest incarnation, which is coming on the wide screen.



THE FIRST KONG ABOUT TO MEET HIS FATE ABOVE MANHATTAN

was great concern that they might lack fine motor skills and accidentally crush Lange. Like all the other Kong paraphernalia, they were not ready until the production was well along, and Guillermin had about run out of surrounding material to shoot. Finally the huge paws were ready, and De Laurentiis was summoned to the set to witness a test. Amidst high excitement, the great arm extended in the producer's direction and then the middle finger slowly uncurred and extended itself in the gesture recently gained respectability by the Vice President of the U.S. De Laurentiis broke up. Unfortunately, however, so did the giant arm—freezing, finger up, for a week. There were other delays. Once the mechanism began "bleeding" hydraulic fluid all over the stage. That breakdown cost two weeks.

In the end, Lange had only a couple of bad times while caught in Kong's grip. Once the pursuing hand came down too hard on her, crushing her painfully against the jungle floor. In another sequence, when Kong is in a playfully amorous mood and is stroking Lange's face and shoulders, he is supposed to tap her lightly on the head. One of the technicians miscalculated and landed her a blow that caused the actress to see stars. Mostly, however, the gizmo worked amazingly well. Says Lange: "I got very close with the guys who were working the hand. I got so totally relaxed that sometimes I'd go up there and take a nap." Others who worked on

## SHOW BUSINESS

the picture commend Lange as a girl as gritty as she is pretty, gamely controlling her natural anxiety at being swept through the air, at considerable height, by an unpredictable and manifestly less-than-perfected contrivance.

The effect of these sequences is as awesome as the trouble they caused, especially in the fussy business of seamlessly melding ape and human footage—essentially by employing sophisticated double-exposure techniques. This marrying of trick and conventional photography is still going on, but the available samples indicate that the illusions work—wondrous conjurer's tricks performed on a broodingnagian scale.

The rest of the production values match the special effects. Kong's South Seas habitat was a remote spot in the Hawaiian Islands—where a honeymoon couple went to sleep on the beach one night, convinced they were removed from all worldly intrusions. They were awakened, alas, at dawn by the arrival of Dino's minions in four helicopters.

He stopped at nothing. Nine thousand extras? Get them!



ACTRESS LANGE VISITS HER PARENTS' HOME IN LAKE NEBAGAMON, WIS. "I got very close with the guys who were working the hand."

A supertanker to transport Kong to New York? Hire it! Everything about the production matched the proportions of its title character, except for one refreshingly small disaster: the infestation of the 40-ft. Kong by fleas.

Perhaps the most successful of Dino's last-minute improvisations was the casting of Jessica Lange in the old Fay Wray role. Streisand almost signed on, then backed away. Cher would have been acceptable, but was visibly pregnant when production started. Then began a search for an unknown, which followed another mythical pattern: the fashion model flown out from Manhattan for a test; a first meeting with an unimpressed producer; the discovery by the director that she had one of those faces the camera loves; the producer's quick reversal of opinion; a hasty contract signing by a girl from Cloquet, Minn., who has now made good.

Lange benefits from some of Semple's best lines. Unlike Fay Wray in the original, who was mostly called upon to scream and faint, Lange plays a sexually hip chick, a movie starlet who literally drifts into the picture as a castaway from

a wrecked yacht on which she was cruising with a movie producer who had promised her a part. Once she gets over the shock of Kong's first spectacular pickup, she treats him like all the apelike movie moguls she has had to fend off. She tries helplessness ("I can't stand heights"), anger ("You goddam chauvinist pig ape!"), some impromptu analysis after striking out at her captor ("It's a sign of insecurity, like when you knock over trees"), even glibful seduction ("I'm a Libra, what are you?"). Eventually she and Kong actually begin to build a... well, a relationship, something that was never made explicit between Wray and her big boy.

Kong, too, has greater charm than he did 43 years ago. He no longer gnaws distractedly on human beings as he did when he got anxious in the original. One of his best moments occurs when Lange, trying to escape him, falls in a mud puddle. Tenderly he picks her up and trots her off to a waterfall for a shower, dunks her in the pool below for a rinse and then, still cupping her in his paws, blows her dry with several mighty breaths.

Lange does a sort of muted Marilyn Monroe imitation in these scenes, but there is an underlying quickness and humor in her characterization. Considering that she played most of her big scenes with a thing, not an actor, and that sometimes she worked to no more than a mark on the wall where the ape would be in the finished picture, her accomplishment is considerable. "We've signed her for 700 years," says Paramount's Diller, exaggerating slightly. Lange, who for some time had led a wandering sort of existence as an art student, dancer and model, has invested some of her Kong salary in a home on Lake Nebagamon, Wis., where her parents now live. Just as Dwan stands on the brink of stardom at the end of Kong, so does Lange.

**B**ut then, so does the whole crazy venture. Perhaps the craziest thing about it is that it finally works not merely because De Laurentiis spent money on it like a man possessed but because he had, besides unlimited nerve, an unsuspected cultural impulse driving him.

For years, the earnest little film magazines have been trying to explicate Kong's appeal. He has been persuasively portrayed as a political as well as a sexual symbol. If he is monumentally powerful, he is also totally innocent, a not entirely farfetched projection of nations and races that the capitalist countries have for years exploited. In the new Kong, the oil company executives want to exhibit him as a symbol of corporate might, just as the movie producer wanted to exploit him as a freak in the original. It is Kong's awakening to this outrage as much as his need to find the girl that sends him to his last stand atop—this time—the World Trade Center. That final destructive binge could be seen—and lines in the script lightly suggest it—as a projection of Western fears of what might happen if the Third World should develop its potential power and strike back.

It is the innocence of Kong, whether seen politically or sexually, that overcomes resistance to his fantastical presence and involves the viewer in his strangely touching fate. De Laurentiis is not the sort of man who spends much time with film journals or in critical exegeses of his projects. But from the start he has had an instinctive understanding of Kong's strength. When he is in full cry on this subject, one feels a bit like cheering him on, as one does when Kong takes off on his final tear. Dino is, after all, the representative of a misunderstood, often unloved species: the movie producer.

But when he allows his highly emotional commitment to this project to show, one cannot help but hope the film's second half lives up to the promise of the first half, cannot help hoping no one shoots him from his perch atop the dream edifice he has constructed. "No one cry when Jaws die," Dino says, his voice rising in passion as he develops his theme. "But when the monkey die, people gonna cry. Intellectuals gonna love Kong; even film buffs who love the first Konk gonna love ours. Why? Because I no give them crap. I no spend two, three million to do quick business. I spend 24 million on my Konk. I give them quality. I got here a great love story, a great adventure. And she rated P.G. For everybody."



PRESIDENT FORD RECEIVING HIS SHOT; INSET: SIGN AT PITTSBURGH CLINIC

## New Fear over Flu

Heeding the advice of health officials, Charles Gabig, 71, a retired telephone engineer, and two housewives, Mrs. Julia Bucci, 75, and Mrs. Ella Michael, 74, last week joined hundreds of other elderly people in line for swine-flu shots at an Allegheny County clinic on Pittsburgh's south side. Within six hours all three were dead, apparently of heart or lung problems. Soon similar reports were coming in from other parts of the country. Half a day after getting his flu shot, an elderly Floridian collapsed in a bowling alley and died. In Michigan, three aged people succumbed. Two similar deaths occurred in Tennessee. By midweek, 35 people—most of them elderly—had died after receiving swine-flu shots.\*

**Priority Group.** U.S. Government officials, already plagued by a succession of crises in the Administration's effort to inoculate 145 million Americans before year's end, promptly insisted that there was no link between the deaths and the vaccine. They pointed out that the average age of these 35 people was 71.2 years. At the time the deaths were the only ones among some 1 million people 65 or older and, in some cases, chronically ill (the group that has top priority in the vaccination program), who had received shots. Yet during any single 24-hour period, there are some 16 deaths in this age bracket among every 100,000 Americans. The gist of the official argument was clear: a similar survey of deaths among the elderly who had, say, just drunk coffee might well have shown a higher mortality rate. Nonetheless, even doctors sympathetic to the flu program warned elderly people with heart

or other chronic diseases to be wary of the stress and strain of getting shots at public clinics.

The rash of scare headlines had predictable consequences, emptying crowded clinics everywhere. In New York City, only 7,500 people showed up a day after the first deaths were reported, compared with 21,000 on the previous day. Irritated by what he called the press's "body count" mentality, Dr. Theodore Cooper, HEW's assistant secretary for health, snapped: "Someone, I hear, dropped dead in South Carolina after reading the consent form [required of all those to be inoculated]. Should that be attributed to the swine-flu program?"

Still, the three deaths at the same Pittsburgh clinic on the same day were hard to explain by any reckoning. Though other Pennsylvania health authorities disputed him, Allegheny County Coroner Cyril Wecht speculated that the shots might have been improperly injected into a vein (and thus directly into the blood) rather than into muscle tissue, possibly accelerating any adverse reactions. Even Dr. David Sencer, director of Atlanta's Center for Disease Control (CDC), which is directing the nationwide inoculation program, acknowledged that while he felt the Pittsburgh deaths were probably coincidences, "we can't sit back and assume that."

Within hours after news of the initial deaths, at least nine states closed flu-shot clinics. Meanwhile, samples of vaccine used in Pittsburgh—from a lot labeled 913339A, produced by Detroit's Parke, Davis & Co., one of four manufacturers—were rushed to the Food and Drug Administration's biologics bureau in Rockville, Md., where they were tested and given a clean bill of health. Reassured, several states ordered clinics reopened.

To rally public support for the \$135

million program, President Ford bared his arm for a flu shot in the office of White House Physician William Lukash. "Now you guys get in line," Ford told reporters, urging them to follow his lead. (Only White House Photographer David Hume Kennerly did.) Despite the example set by Ford, Administration health officials will need all their persuasive skills to get their ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVE AMERICA program rolling again.

## Killer on the Loose

At the border between Kenya and the Sudan, soldiers with submachine guns halt all traffic, including nomadic herdsman who usually cross at will with their goats and sheep. In neighboring Zaïre, alarmed officials seal off part of their northern frontier. At airports in Africa and Europe, passengers suddenly find themselves subjected to unusual scrutiny and occasional detention. These grim security measures are aimed not at halting some new eruption of guerrilla terror but at containing a possibly greater menace: a killer fever that has been spreading ominously in equatorial Africa, causing as many as 300 fatalities, including the deaths of four Belgian medical missionaries.

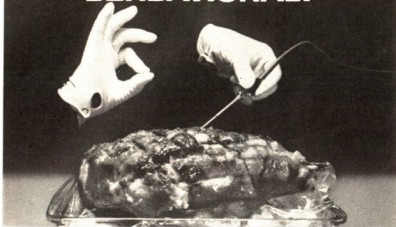
Initially, some doctors thought the ailment was a form of Lassa fever, a highly lethal and still untreatable viral disease, usually transmitted by rodents, which was first discovered in a Nigerian town in 1969. Now the mystery has been solved. In Geneva last week, the World Health Organization (WHO) announced that scientists at Atlanta's CDC, Antwerp's Institute for Tropical Med-

### CHECKING ZAÏRE PASSENGERS IN BRUSSELS



\*A Justice Department official told TIME that one victim was Carlo Gambino, 74, New York City's most powerful Mafia boss (see MILESTONES).

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## MEDICINE

icine and Britain's Microbiological Research Establishment had all identified the killer as a form of Marburg virus disease, an extremely rare ailment first spotted in 1967 among lab workers in Marburg, West Germany, handling organs of African green monkeys. Seven of more than two dozen technicians infected died of the disease. In 1975 there were three more cases in South Africa, one of them fatal.

**Similar Affliction.** The first deaths in the latest outbreak occurred last month in the remote southern Sudanese shantytown of Maridi. Doctors at a clinic there radioed that 46 people had died, including a physician and several nurses. Since then, reports from neighboring Zaïre indicate that at least 200 people have died of a similar affliction. In both regions the victims first suffered severe headaches and high fever. Within days they were coughing, vomiting and hemorrhaging, and a third to a half of all those hospitalized later died.

Like Lassa fever, Marburg virus disease is highly infectious. Though scientists still do not know the exact mechanism, the disease can be transmitted by contact with infected blood, tissue and even semen; it may also be spread by particles in the air. No cure has yet been found, although doctors are hoping a serum can be made from blood of surviving victims who have antibodies against the virus.

To combat the disease, health officials in Africa are relying on the only weapon they now have: strict isolation of every infected area.

## Virus Hunters

Stockholm's Royal Caroline Institute last week honored two leading U.S. virologists, Drs. Baruch S. Blumberg and D. Carleton Gajdusek, by jointly awarding them the 1976 Nobel Prize in physiology or medicine (total value: \$162,140).

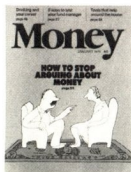
Blumberg, 51, of Philadelphia's Institute for Cancer Research, identified a blood-carried viral particle, "Australia antigen," associated with a debilitating liver disease, hepatitis B. His biomedical detective work, involving an aborigine's blood, not only led to a method of testing potential blood donors for hepatitis but also paved the way for an experimental anti-hepatitis vaccine.

Gajdusek, 53, of the National Institutes of Health at Bethesda, Md., found the cause of a puzzling fatal degenerative brain disease called kuru, which long plagued the Fore tribe of New Guinea. The agent responsible: a previously unknown kind of cell invader, dubbed a "slow virus"—in this case, transmitted during cannibalistic rites. Such viruses incubate in the body for years, may be linked to other severe diseases of the nervous system, such as Parkinson's disease and amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (Lou Gehrig's disease), and perhaps play a role in aging.



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## Bagging Heroin/B

On the streets of cities throughout the U.S., a heroin panic is about to hit. The bad news for strung-out junkies is the result of an extraordinary strike by the federal Drug Enforcement Administration. Last week, after ten days of intricately coordinated arrests in 35 cities, federal narcs had bagged 309 men and women described by DEA Chief Peter Bensinger as "distributors and kingpins in the heroin market involving Mexican Brown." It was the biggest—and perhaps most important—federal drug bust ever. In addition, warrants were out for another 150 people.

**Dangerous Work.** Mexican Brown—or Heroin B as the feds call it—accounts for more than two-thirds of the horse shot into the arms of an estimated 400,000 U.S. addicts. The arrests, reports *TIME* Correspondent Don Sider, "grew out of several years of usually dull, sometimes dangerous work that began to come together last May." Using information from undercover agents and pushers-turned-informers, the DEA began tracing in detail the distribution web. Early this month officials concluded that they knew enough about 57 distribution rings to try smashing them.

With the precision that characterized the campaign throughout, Administrator Bensinger first filled in U.S. Attorneys who would prosecute the incoming arrestees, discussed the expected influx of prisoners with Norman Carlson, director of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, and consulted Dr. Robert DuPont, director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse, about treatment requirements for addicts who would suddenly be in trouble as the supply of horse fell (the average addict needs five grams of heroin a day, at a cost of \$60). Local hospitals were even alerted in case the planned arrests led to any injuries.

Not a shot actually had to be fired.

On the first and biggest day of the bust, agents scooped up suspects at their homes, offices or hangouts in 19 states. The only incident occurred in Kansas City, where one accused dealer slammed into an officer's car in a futile escape attempt. Some of the arrestees lived well indeed. In one \$330,000 Beverly Hills home (which was complete with \$25,000 Jaguar, \$40,000 Rolls-Royce and swimming pool), agents found \$125,000 in cash—testimony to the enormous profits of the drug trade.

**Baby-powder Cans.** Details vary from ring to ring, but the DEA cites the methods of the Oakland-based organization of Lemmie Daniel Coleman and the Los Angeles operation of Henry Duwayne Watson as typical. According to DEA agents, each man had a connection in a different Mexican border town who picked up the heroin that had been processed from poppies grown in western Mexico. Couriers en route to Coleman passed through various customs points with shaped plastic bags taped to their bodies. Coleman then shipped the powder to his lieutenants, from them to distributors and then to street dealers in a dozen U.S. cities, from San Francisco to Rochester. Virtually everyone who handled the heroin cut its purity, which dropped from 40% to 6%, the normal street-sale percentage. Heroin purchased in Mexico for \$20,000 per kilo eventually sold for 25 times that amount. Using a similar system, Watson allegedly serviced cities from Seattle to New York, moving his horse around in condoms hidden in baby-powder cans under a layer of talc. Watson, a hard bargainer, required his couriers—mostly prostitutes—to fly out and get the money before he sent them back with the goods.

\*Last May an apparent cocaine smuggler was not so lucky with a different condom technique. He had swallowed one loaded with coke and died of an overdose when it burst in his digestive tract.

The DEA believes it has damaged or broken 49 of the 57 organizations originally targeted. "This does not represent the end of heroin in the U.S.A.," says Bensinger, "but this will have impact." The DEA had until recently been criticized for ineptitude and ineffectiveness. Now Bensinger, who revitalized the agency after taking it over last January, is urging the critics to look at the courts. He angrily reports: "One out of every three individuals sentenced for a narcotics charge in federal court last year was put on probation. One-third of those sentenced to prison received three years or less." Bensinger intends to keep a careful watch on his record catch to try to make sure they do not get away.

## Pillow Talk

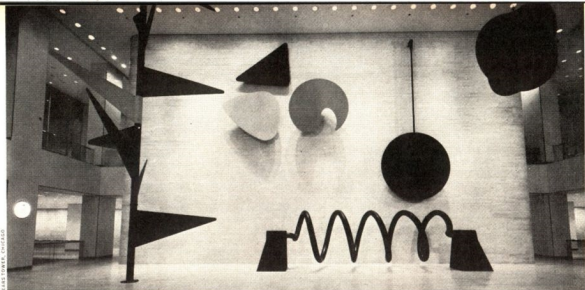
Pennsylvania, like many other states, repealed criminal sanctions for adultery years ago. But it still recognized the common law right of an aggrieved spouse to sue for "criminal conversation." That was the doctrine James Fadden, then 30, a Pittsburgh teacher, invoked when he discovered that his wife Bonnie, 26, was sleeping with George Lenkner. His suit asked for compensatory and punitive damages of an unspecified amount. The case aroused more than casual interest because Lenkner, 31, was the Roman Catholic priest who had presided at the Faddens' 1972 marriage. When a Pittsburgh court found in Fadden's favor, Lenkner appealed. The state supreme court, in a 3-to-2 decision this month, avowed that it holds "the institution of marriage in the highest regard," but added that "rapid legal and societal changes" had made the right to sue for criminal conversation an anachronism. The Faddens, meanwhile, have split up, and Lenkner has quit the church. George and Bonnie are now married and living in York, Pa., where he is a social worker.

BEVERLY HILLS HOME OF SUSPECTED LIEUTENANTS IN DRUG RING



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CALDER'S GIANT MOTORIZED SCULPTURE *UNIVERSE* (1974), INSTALLED IN CHICAGO'S SEARS TOWER. MODEL IS IN SHOW.

## ART

### Calder's Universe

"The underlying sense of form in my work has been the system of the Universe, or part thereof." On reading this pompous remark by Alexander Calder, the most internationally celebrated of all living American sculptors, one's hopes rise. Make way for the cosmic perspective! In fact, as the Whitney Museum's new retrospective of the work of this venerable figure testifies, his achievement is more modest and realistic. In the 200-odd works that make up "Calder's Universe," as the show is called, there is little of the real universe, but a pervasive flavor of its metaphors: orreries, planetary clockwork, automata. The Copernican epicycles turn out to be circus rings, and the vast music of the spheres comes down to the delicious noise of appetite rubbing against humor.

Calders have been artists for four generations—his great-great-grandfather, a funeral maker from Aberdeen in Scotland, helped carve the Albert Memorial in London before settling in Philadelphia in 1868. But Alexander Calder, looking at 78 like a rumpled dugong in a red flannel shirt, belongs to a halloved American type: the bike-shop genius, cousin to Henry Ford or Wilbur Wright. Except for the big commissions of the past 20 years, his sculpture is still mostly improvisation—tin-snips and pliers stuff, made in his studios in Connecticut and the south of France.

**Freedom from Earth.** It is difficult now to appreciate how trivial Calder's wire constructions must have looked in the '20s and '30s, when the word sculpture meant solidity. But their wit lasted. Time and again, one encounters feats of inspired and self-mocking draftsmanship, traced with wire in air: portraits of Jimmy Durante and the shimmying

Josephine Baker, or a farouche she-wolf suckling Romulus and Remus through six wooden drawer pulls that serve as her teats. Often there is a prophetic note. Calder's motorized sculptures of the '30s predict the kinetic art of the '60s and are fulfilled in such giant works as *Universe* (1974), in Chicago's Sears Tower.

Calder's main contribution to the language of modernism, of course, is the mobile. The first to make sculpture move, Calder liked "the idea of an object floating—not supported. The use of a very long thread seems to best approximate this freedom from the earth." The movement, created by touch or air, may be slow or fast, ponderously deliberate or fluttery as an aspen, but it always has the purposed yet unpredictable grace of nature itself.

It is this sense of mutated organic form, emphasized by Calder's reluctance to smooth away the traces of making the sculpture (bolts always show, surfaces are always hand-painted rather than sprayed), that gives such life to his stables—Calderese for static sculptures. They are by turns as graceful as plants, as energetic in profile as a jumping tarpon. Calder's sense of edge is unflinching. Partly because they are assembled from sheet steel and do not dislodge great lumps of space, they also have a light, affable air to them. The larger, recent mobiles are rather less exhilarating, at least when hung in a museum: the response to air has gone, and it takes a shove, not a zephyr, to overcome their inertia.

The drawings are less impressive. The early studies for circus figures, drawn in one continuous line—as the sculptures are made with a continuous wire—are skillful but inconsequential. Nevertheless, they are far above the level of his later gouaches. Thousands of these exist, and not a day in Calder's

life appears to pass without more being made. But as a painter, Calder is a paragon of boring fecundity. One is put in mind of an ancient Galapagos turtle laying eggs. There are thousands of them, all alike, and few survive. Even Jean Lipman, his friend of 40 years who assembled the show, is forced to reluctantly admit that "inevitably there are a great many below top quality, and it is unfortunate that these have been exhibited and sold." As for Calder's dabbling in the world of business promotions, such as the aircraft he painted up for Braniff Airlines, the less said the better—even though it takes talent to make a DC-8 look that ugly. No matter: the sculpture is his great achievement, and will be his testament. **Robert Hughes**

### Indian Conquest

*Lo, the poor Indian! Whose untutor'd mind sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.*

—Alexander Pope, 1732

The European view of the American Indian has generally been patronizing, to say the least. Pope's classic dig helped fix the image of a savage. A noble version was conceived by the 19th century romantics, but an ignoble one was later imported from Hollywood. Museums on both sides of the Atlantic have not helped much, tending to confine their Indian exhibits to ethnographic ghettos dominated by braves and their war bonnets. However, *Sacred Circles*, a stunning show of Indian art sponsored by Britain's Arts Council and private American donors as a U.S. Bicentennial event at London's Hayward Gallery, may trigger a change.

The show's curator, Ralph T. Coe of Kansas City's Nelson Gallery of Art,



is not an anthropologist but an art historian who uncovered the 850 artifacts in obscure collections from South Dakota to south Bavaria. The exhibit, which has been praised by London's art critics, is loosely organized by geography, with scholarly gloss held to a welcome minimum. Prehistoric stone carvings from the southeastern forests immortalize a puma or a hawk in onyx and a snake in a slithering s of shiny mica. The ochers and sharp abstractions of the Southwest desert dominate the region's basketwork and pottery.

**High Foreheads.** Most startling is the dramatically lighted collection of Northwest Indian masks. With their thrusting chins, hooked noses, popping eyes and arrogant high foreheads, the masks could be expressionist versions of the grandees of the Italian Renaissance. "Tell me what difference in standard there should be between these and the dukes of Ferrara," says Coe challengingly.

If this elegiac exhibition of the art of a vanishing race has a leitmotiv, it is an elongated, galloping wooden horse carved by a Sioux and collected by a missionary. Wounded—by a white man's bullet?—the anguished animal seems to be flying forever across thousands of miles of American experience. It epitomizes an essential theme of American art and literature: nature corrupted and innocence defiled.

No one understands this better than the Indians themselves. When Coe, who plans to bring the exhibit to Kansas City next spring, began his research, he wrote 20 major Indian nations seeking their support. Only two bothered to reply. Coe believes the rest were not interested in displaying their art. Why? "Because they are living it." **Lawrence Malkin**

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## Heavyweight Opening

Manrico, the tenor troubadour in *Il Trovatore*, may be the biggest patsy among all the operatic heroes created by Giuseppe Verdi. Just stir up a little trouble and Manrico will dash off to get involved—usually with disastrous results. At the end of Act I he rushes forth to outduel the evil Count di Luna, but he spares the count's life and later gets stabbed for his trouble. At the end of Act III he races to rescue his adoptive mother Azucena, both end up in prison.

heavyhanded, Pavarotti did little visually to make a believable character of Manrico. Vocally it was another matter. This was the kind of elegant, radiant singing that has made Pavarotti the most exciting lyric tenor in all opera. For Pavarotti and opera fans alike, Manrico was a major turning point in a notable career. It was the first time at the Met that Pavarotti had ventured beyond light lyric roles into the deeper waters of dramatic Verdi. It is a step wise lyric tenors do not take until they are 40 or so (Pavarotti is 41), for fear of damaging the vocal cords. At that age, the voice usually begins to darken and toughen. Pavarotti's voice is still lighter than one is used to in this music, but he made the adjustment skillfully and convincingly.

Pavarotti had some distinguished company. In the pit was Gianandrea Gavazzeni, 67, whose 50 years at Milan's La Scala include associations with Toscanini, Mascagni and Giordano. Gavazzeni led a performance that was full of controlled excitement; at the same time, he was consistently thoughtful of his singers. His support of Veteran Soprano Renata Scottò (Leonora), who sang the precarious *D'amor sull'ali rose* in Act IV with extreme caution, was a memorable lesson in podium gallantry.

The Azucena was Shirley Verrett, who, like Pavarotti, is at a career turning point. A Met regular for eight years, she is basically a mezzo with an unusually high, extended range. Lately, she has been trying to move into the repertory of the dramatic soprano. The results have been only partially successful, largely because in moving higher her voice takes on an icy whiteness of tone. Returning to the mezzo range of Azucena, however, Verrett sang with overwhelming fire and urgency. One would hate to see a woman as lovely as Verrett consigned forever to play a hag like Azucena, but hers is one of the memorable interpretations of the role, both visually and vocally.

Singers such as Pavarotti and Verrett are reason enough, or should be, for the Met to open its doors. Pavarotti, especially. Unlike most of today's sober-minded opera singers, who seem to feel they are in personal charge of the Holy Grail, Pavarotti matches his uninhibited vocal glee onstage with a great gusto for life offstage. No sooner

had the opening performance of *Trovatore* concluded than he was putting on another show in his dressing room, grandly playing host to all visitors, especially the ladies. Eying one female autograph seeker with measured admiration becoming a married man with three children, he purred: "Ah, you and I should be secret lovers." Then he was off to an Italian restaurant to celebrate his 41st birthday. Though he has recently dieted off 25 lbs. and is aiming for another 75, Pavarotti will not tell anyone exactly what he weighs. "I am—how you say?—ashamed," he explains. Thus at his party he skimmed on the pasta and wine he loves so dearly. He made up for it by kissing every woman in the room.

**Stunning Amneris.** The rest of the Met's opening week consisted of familiar productions of *Aida*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Die Meistersinger* and *Il Trittico*. *Aida* was notable for the Met debut of Russia's Elena Obraztsova, a tall, slender mezzo who made the wily Amneris stunning to behold and to hear. Programming in the months ahead will be more adventurous. In addition to new productions of *La Bohème* and *Lohengrin*, the Met will offer such rarities as Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète*, Massenet's *Esclarmonde*, Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites* and Berg's *Lulu*. But if the Met's future looks promising artistically, it does not financially. The Met's operating loss this season is expected to approach \$12.4 million (it was \$10.8 million last season). Even though opera companies always seem to be short of cash, the Met's problem is clearly profound.

William Bender

## American Songbag

Anyone who has ever crooned in a shower will get a tingle out of *Amazing Grace—America in Song*, a 90-minute special that many PBS stations will telecast on Wednesday night, Oct. 27. Mixing sea chanteys, Victorian parlor songs and cowboy laments, swinging from gospel to Cole Porter to Charles Ives to Billie Holiday, Producer-Director Allan Miller has created a musical mosaic that reflects the variety and vitality of American song.

Miller and his production crew prospected for ballads in mountain cabins, railway boxcars and fancy supper clubs. They also unearthed some fascinating old film clips and photographs. The show, however, is not flawless. The absence of any song by George Gershwin is one of several notable omissions. And it seems at least curious that the program's title song uses lyrics written not by an American but by an 18th century English ecclesiastic. Still, *Grace* generally hums along well—and will set viewers humming.



SCOTTÒ & PAVAROTTI BACKSTAGE AT THE MET  
Gusto for wine, women and pasta.

The woman in Manrico's life, Leonora, is not much help. In Act IV she tries to secure his freedom by giving herself to the count but bungles the job by dying before Manrico is released, and Manrico goes to the executioner. Why then would anybody want to play poor Manrico? Because his music has the kind of nobility, beauty and stentorian power to make the ear and heart ignore the scornful urgings of the eye and mind.

It was in the role of Manrico that Italian Tenor Luciano Pavarotti presided over the opening of the Metropolitan Opera's 92nd season in New York last week. Weighing in at well over 300 lbs., his swordsmanship lightheartedly

# CINEMA

## More a Famine than a Festival

It was like staging a banquet and serving leftovers. Aside from François Truffaut's *Small Change* (TIME, Oct. 11) and Marcel Ophüls' *The Memory of Justice* (see below), the 14th annual New York Film Festival offered among its 19 features few works of real, ranging quality. The festival is the most prestigious in the country—and, internationally, one of the most selective—so this year's slim pickings suggest that the surge in quality film making of the past few years has, at least for the moment, slowed down. The U.S. was represented by only a program of short films and an indignant, simplistic documentary about coal miners in Kentucky. *Harlan County U.S.A.* is well-meaning, and audiences responded warmly. Those who liked it may have been inspired by the same glib spirit that leads socialites to embrace lettuce pickers, or perhaps they were just desperate.

The festival did try to add a touch of spice, which seems to have become *de rigueur* since Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris* stirred things up four years ago. But this year's offering, *In the Realm of the Senses*, directed by Japan's Nagisa Oshima, was impounded by U.S. customs officials after they viewed it at a press screening. Nobody seemed to mind much, which probably had less to do with indifference to civil liberties than with general embarrassment over the quality of the film. *In the Realm of the Senses* is like the customs' seizure itself—way past ludicrous, close to contemptible.

Oshima extrapolated the film from a real incident. In Tokyo in the 1930s, a prostitute concluded her love affair with a gangster by castrating him, then wandered the streets for several days carrying his severed sex organs. Haunted by Genet and Mishima, animated by memories of De Sade, Oshima splashes a devious course to this bloody resolution. He has the gangster and the whore coupling incessantly, in attitudes reminiscent of the delicate rough-and-tumble of erotic Japanese watercolors. The point of all this—that the full realization of passion is its own justification, that death is the ultimate orgasm—is too familiar to be outrageous and too shallow to matter.

Now safely past the savaging that once seemed imminent (TIME, May 12, 1975), Ophüls' *The Memory of Justice* was shown at the festival, and has been released theatrically, in just the form the director intended: unaltered, uncompromised. It is a significant victory because *The Memory of Justice* is a major work of art and of conscience. Vastly ambitious, deeply personal, the movie is a

meditation on the fallibilities and blind necessity of justice. The initial focus is on the Nuremberg war trials. Ophüls considers, then questions the precepts and precedents established at the trials. Even as he does this, he also evokes pre- and postwar Germany and raises the specter of criminal actions during more contemporary conflicts in Algeria and Viet Nam. The film was inspired by Telford Taylor's book *Nuremberg and Viet Nam: An American Tragedy*, and Taylor himself appears prominently in it. His presence provides historical continuity and gives the movie a sort of *de facto* protagonist. Like Taylor, Ophüls finds—indeed, insists—that a distinction must be made between planned political genocide and individual incidents in which field actions turn insane (like My Lai). Ophüls then widens the focus of his movie to examine an inescapable paradox that he has termed "the impossibility of judgment versus the necessity of judgment."

Ophüls' scope is so large that the film becomes at times unwieldy, threatening even to lose its balance entirely. These disadvantages, however, are virtually inseparable from what is most distinctive about Ophüls—an intellectual restlessness, a moral sense that remains implacable. In short, his faults are secondary consequences of his gifts. Because Ophüls is such a fine film essayist, it is easy to overlook his talents as a dramatist. Like his other films, *The Memory of Justice* is long, more than 4½ hours, but what makes it continually enthralling is Ophüls' ability to shape compelling characterizations through his interviews. He shows Telford Taylor as a tempered idealist but a humanist still, "our Mr. Deeds," as Ophüls has called him; Albert Speer openly but perhaps a shade too smoothly discussing his own culpability for Nazi tyranny; a woman widowed by Viet Nam hanging on with cool, desperate anger to ideas of God, flag and country; the parents of another Viet Nam casualty mourning the loss not just of their son but of their ideals. All of these people and many more—Grand Admiral Doenitz, Yehudi Menuhin, Daniel Ellsberg, even the film maker himself—become characters out of history that, because of work like *The Memory of Justice*, will endure. Ophüls' particular genius is not just to re-examine history but to enlarge it.

A minor work, certainly, but luminous still, Satyajit Ray's *The Middleman* concerns compromise, the collapse of a class, the exigencies of desperation. For such large themes, the story itself is notably modest. A young college graduate who lives in Calcutta with his father,



MUKHERJEE'S BAIT IN RAY'S MIDDLEMAN



HITLER IN OPHÜLS' JUSTICE



DUVALL IN SILVER'S BERNICE



*The Originals*

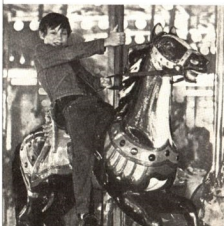
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## CINEMA

brother and sister cannot find a job. After almost a year of unemployment, Somnath (gently played by Pradip Mukherjee) defies the traditions of his Brahman background and goes into small business, hustling everything from stationery to industrial whitening, buying low, selling high, pocketing the difference. He is called, politely, a "middleman." Somnath learns soon enough that to be a success, certain principles must be modified, others scrapped entirely. By the end of the film, as he tries desperately to procure a textile contract, Somnath has literally become a pimp. *The Middleman* is understated, sorrowful, full of sly, rueful humor. Ray remains one of the cinema's best poets of the lost chance and a vanishing culture.

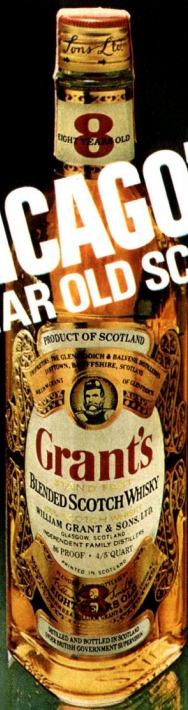
*Rites of Passage*, the portmanteau title for three short films about the painful passing of adolescence, is a decidedly mixed blessing. Most prominently, the program offers two splendid performances. In *Bernice Bobs Her Hair*, Shelley Duvall brings a graceful vulnerability and unguarded beauty to the role of an ugly-duckling adolescent who is first encouraged in social flirtations, then undone by an attractive, more popular cousin. Director Joan Micklin Silver (*Hester Street*) misses the stronger undercurrents of F. Scott Fitzgerald's original story, just as Novice Director Peter Werner is defeated by the portentous gothic glooms of the *Joyce Carol Oates* story he adapted, *In the Region of Ice*. Actress Fionnuala Flanagan, though, finds just the right portions of grave surprise and spiritual disquiet in the role of a young nun besieged and baffled by the unrelenting attentions of one of her students. Werner at least displays a studied visual flair, a good, strict sense of film rhythm and a willingness to give his actors generous creative space. All these qualities were absent from *Sunday Funnies*, the program's third installment, a meat-cleaver satire about prom night in the '50s that had all the wit and technical finesse of a stag reel.

Akira Kurosawa is one of the few epic poets of the cinema, and his new movie, *Dersu Uzala*, brought the festival moments of real majesty. Shot in Russia—in 70-mm. screen size and stereophonic sound—*Dersu Uzala* is a rather delicate fable about the friendship between a Russian surveyor (Juri Solomin) and the man he employs as a guide. Dersu Uzala (ebulliently and affectionately played by Maxim Munzuk) lives in the forests of eastern Siberia in easy alliance with the natural order. The surveyor, called "the Captain," is a man of science and precision. Dersu is a creature of instinct and superstition.

In the first part of the film, both men are marooned on a vast frozen lake. Dersu saves them from freezing by building a hut cut of dry grass, deploying some tools of civilization (rifles, a surveying instrument) as the frame for the shel-



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CINEMA

ter. It is the Captain, however, who later pulls Dersu out of a rushing river by constructing a rescue device from a felled tree and a couple of leather belts. The scene is both exciting and funny: Dersu, clinging to a rock in the water, has to shout instructions to the Captain.

Later, Dersu goes to live with the Captain and his family in town. But he is gradually stifled. Kurosawa is not facile, and he does not hymn the natural man just to condemn the spiritual debilitations of modern life. *Dersu Uzala* takes place during the first decade of the century and suggests that the ideal reconciliation of urban knowledge and bucolic temperament is, sadly, unattainable. *Dersu Uzala* may be a shade over-inflated and simplistic, but it also has the clear resonance of genius. Kurosawa can find grandeur in the intimate as well as the infinite.

It is easy to imagine the eight major characters of Alain Tanner's *Jonas Who Will Be Twenty-Five in the Year 2000* bundling into the back of the moving van owned by the protagonist of Wim Wenders' dour *Kings of the Road*. Wenders' people are preoccupied with their own rootlessness. In Tanner's mirthless Swiss political comedy everyone is one variety or another of Boho Marxist. In *Kings of the Road*, the hero, Bruno, and his sidekick, Robert, are only sporadically looking to connect. For the most part, they have engineered a working arrangement with hopelessness. They ride from one small, shabby West German town to another, while Bruno repairs equipment in dilapidated movie theaters. The musty dream palaces have turned into mausoleums with chewing gum on the seats.

The landscape of the movie, shot mostly along the East German frontier, abounds in gutted industrial towers, deserted factories and vacant houses. *Kings of the Road*, which is almost three hours long, rambles aimlessly like Bruno and his pal. It does, however, project a fitfully vigorous vision of a troubled generation and a languishing land.

Tanner's *Jonas*, on the other hand, is shot in sprightly colors, but seems to have had the vitality talked out of it. Here are eight characters in search of a dialectic, survivors of the new politics, the new morality, living on the ragged fringes of the old order, wondering why things have not come right. One runs an experimental school, another (zestily and engagingly played by Miou-Miou) is a supermarket cashier who deliberately undercharges her customers. This is a good, fertile field for comedy, but Tanner plows it under with self-seriousness and congenital melancholy.

*The Marquise of O...* is a further reminder that Director Eric Rohmer cannot be bested at creating an atmosphere of austere sensuality. Previous films like *My Night at Maude's* and *Claire's Knee* are a little donnish, paced out and mea-

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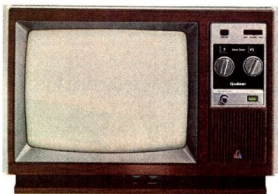


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### CINEMA

sured so carefully that watching them can be like waiting for the moon to wane. *The Marquise of O...* is much the same. It is formalized, talky, almost meditative in its unhurried consideration of an unlikely event: in 1799 an Austrian widow takes an ad in a local paper, calling for the father of her unborn child to come forward. Up until this time, her reputation has been beyond reproach.

The Marquise (irresistibly acted by Edith Clever) insists, however, that the prospective father is unknown to her, and, further, that she has no idea how she became pregnant. She is turned out of her home by furious parents, who refuse to credit her innocence, and pursued by her fiancé, a lieutenant colonel of the Russian army. He turns up in answer to the newspaper ad, to the considerable horror of the Marquise. He had saved her from being raped by his own troops; now he seems to her not a savior, but a devil.

The resolution of this sly tale (based on an 18th century short story by Heinrich von Kleist) is elegant and touching, infused with cautionary wisdom. "You would never have looked like the devil to me," the Marquise tells her colonel, "if, when I first saw you, you had not appeared as an angel." Rohmer's great talent lies in telling such parables of fallibility and principle so wittily that they seem less like lessons than grace notes. His tone throughout is even, amused, compassionate, but the texture of his film is warm, full of sinuous light and voluptuous colors.

For all the pre-fab *scandale* surrounding *In the Realm of the Senses*, *The Marquise of O...* contained the sexiest scene of the festival, a vivid, lingering moment when the courting colonel slips his arm around the Marquise's waist. This vivid, intimate gesture is one fair indication of the casual, quiet intensity that Rohmer can build. **Jay Cocks**

EDITH CLEVER IN MARQUISE





## Expedient Truths

BLIND AMBITION

by JOHN DEAN

415 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$11.95.

Mean John Dean. Icy John Dean. Nerveless John Dean, sending former colleagues off to jail, pushing a President toward resignation, all in a lifeless, imperturbable monotone. The image from the Watergate TV hearings and cover-up trials has already etched itself into history. The inner reality, it now appears, was very different. The conspirator who turned against his fellow criminals trembled at times at the thought of his lonely assault upon Richard Nixon, John Ehrlichman, H.R. Haldeman. He climbed into his Scotch bottle in search of soothing stupor often enough to worry about becoming an alcoholic. He fretted over looking "too mousy" on television. Just before the hearings, he even considered fleeing the country.

*Blind Ambition* is Dean's long-awaited accounting of the part he played in America's worst and most public political scandal. Sparsely told and crammed with intriguing dialogue, it presents a surprisingly unflattering self-portrait. Dean berates himself as a "squealer" and describes himself as too "naive and guppy-like" to object to the criminal activities in Richard Nixon's White House—at least until it was too late.

**Heartless World.** "My memory operates something like a movie projector when I hit the right switch," Dean writes. With the help of that memory, plus reinforcement from the presidential tapes that proved his charges, Dean chronicles his three years as the President's counsel, conspiring to contain Watergate, his eventual rebellion, revealing the collective White House guilt, and his imprisonment. Cutting through what is likely to be a reader's confused memories, he reveals precisely what he was thinking—and what he assumed Nixon and others meant—as they plotted to contain the scandal. The book also probes the often heartless world of high-powered lawyers and prosecutors bargaining over the fates of clients and defendants (When Prosecution Witness Herbert Kalmbach wept on the stand in the cover-up trial, Special Prosecutor James Neal was sympathetic but also ecstatic: "He's had it tough. But by God, he's a hell of a witness").

Disarmingly, but distressingly, Dean concedes that calculating ambition was the sole standard he normally applied as he scrambled for power and influence in the White House. He admits that fear of losing status at the heady heights pushed him easily into criminality. Even when he tells about taking his stand against the President, Dean makes no



lofty claim that either personal virtue or an overriding sense of justice motivated his action. Only when he saw, far earlier than most, that the cover-up would not work, either for the President or for himself, did he finally turn against the men who had made him.

Dean survived, despite the opposition of powerful foes and his own vacillations, mainly because he had no false story to protect and he had an amazing ability to recall the truth. Yet there were times during the testimony when a date would slip out of focus and "the whole edifice would crumble." There were times when he wanted to forget everything. Once he lashed out at the prosecutors, telling his lawyer: "Don't those bastards know I'm going to jail? I can't keep churning this Watergate crap out. I'm tired of turning my head on and off like a light bulb." Listening to the tapes soothed him. "I could see the meetings in my mind; my senses synchronized. I floated back through time."

In addition to a highly readable retelling of Watergate from the inside, the book offers some new and some clarifying information:

► Dean reiterates what he said in court: former Attorney General John Mitchell admitted to him that he had approved the wiretapping operation at Democratic National Headquarters. Mitchell has repeatedly denied this. According to Dean, Mitchell's admission came after he informed the former Attorney General that he was going to tell his own full story to the Watergate prosecutors. "He had just trusted me with his biggest secret," Dean recalls. "Deep down, I knew Mitchell had played his best card. He was counting on my feeling for him, laying himself in my hands. Now I felt the razor edge between the squealer and the perjurer. I had never felt more squalid."

► Dean once raised with Mitchell the possibility of seeking sanctuary in some other country: "Tell me where



LEFT: MO & JOHN DEAN AT WATERGATE HEARINGS; DEAN TESTIFYING, JUNE 26, 1973

you were thinking of going, maybe I'd like to join you," he said with a smile, and as we exchanged quick glances it occurred to me that he was, perhaps, not dismissing the idea." Dean said wherever he went, he wanted to take his wife "Mo" along. "I'm not so sure I'd take Martha with me," Mitchell replied.

Dean writes crisply and clearly, turns some good phrases ("Thompson had me on a tightrope and he seemed to know how to shake the wire") and some bad ones ("The bottom of my stomach fell out, as it does when I look down from the top of a skyscraper").

**Phony Report.** "I was ashamed to be who I was," Dean admits finally. Yet he tells nothing at all about the forces that formed him—at home, at Staunton Military Academy, in college. The book will disappoint anyone who wants to learn how Dean became the kind of man who would do almost anything to get placed on the "A-limousine list" in the White House, and gleefully watched workmen redoing his new, enlarged office just "for the sake of redecorating."

After all the shocks of Watergate, it still comes as a surprise to learn that Dean was on the verge of writing the famous phony report ordered by Nixon in which the young counsel would show that no one at the White House was guilty of cover-up crimes. Dean's wife, who suffered a breakdown during the ordeal, objected. As Dean described the report he was to write, Mo had asked: "That's not true, though, is it?" "No, it's not." "Then, John, you shouldn't write

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## BOOKS

that report. That's not very smart." Recalls Dean, in two incriminating sentences: "She was right, but her innocence annoyed me. She seemed so far removed from all the shadings of lies that make up political life."

Ed Magnuson

## Goodbye Indianapolis

SLAPSTICK

by KURT VONNEGUT

243 pages, Delacorte, \$7.95.

Love conquers nothing in Kurt Vonnegut's fiction. Instead, love is a strategic withdrawal from a threatening world where even the best intentions can cause suffering and chaos. With *Slapstick*, that withdrawal seems complete. The novel, a linking of autobiography and fantasy, is an aggressive retreat not only from the complications of society but also from the invention and charm of the author's early novels.

The book, says Vonnegut, "is about what life *feels* like to me." That feeling might be described as the phantom ache

JILL BREWSTER



KURT VONNEGUT JR.

*Family feelings and phantom aches*

an amputee sometimes has where his limb once was. Vonnegut is keenly aware of the separation between his present and his past—the Indianapolis where he grew up surrounded by members of a large, cultured and comfortable German-American family. Indeed, *Slapstick* begins with a recollection of flying home a few years ago to attend the funeral of a favorite uncle. Predictably, Vonnegut finds the city has become just another "interchangeable part in the American machine."

The experience triggers a melancholy reverie about a future when the American machine has rusted to a halt. The nation resembles some medieval terra incognita. Bandit barons rule its re-



R. Manning Brown Jr., Chairman of the Board of New York Life (second from left), and Marshall P. Boswell, President (left), congratulate Seymour Smoller and his wife, Clara.

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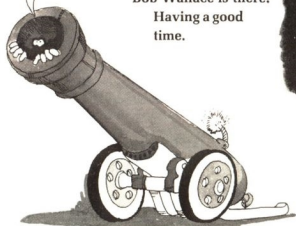
# Eat your hearts out Bill and Walter.

Walking on airplane wings. Wind surfing. Participating in a re-creation of a Civil War battle.

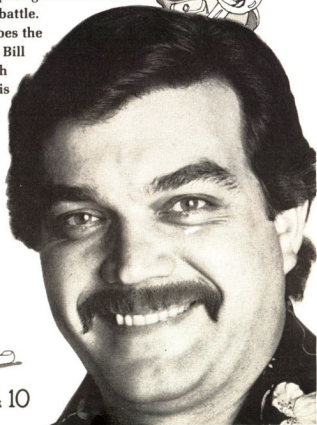
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## BOOKS

gions. Manhattan is an ancient ruin reclaimed by vegetation. The Chinese have become the world's most advanced civilization. They have even learned to shrink themselves to the size of egg rolls to conserve natural resources.

Vonnegut's principal characters are Dr. Wilbur Swain and Eliza Swain, a brother and sister who seem to owe some of their identities to Vladimir Nabokov's Van and Ada of *Ada*. The aged doctor camps out in the lobby remnant of the Empire State Building and relates the disjointed fantasy of his life and times.

The tale is dominated by his relationship with his sister Eliza. Yes, it is incestuous, but as in *Ada*, incest has a private, figurative significance. Wilbur's and Eliza's love and loneliness are conveyed in a slurry of short scenes, part science fiction, part dreamlike shorthand, whose allusions the author seems unwilling to share fully with his reader. Instead of ideas, he offers whimsy; instead of feeling, merely sentiment. Vonnegut calls his method "situational poetry." This is academic jargon that may be best translated as "I'm too tired to write as well as I used to."

**R. Z. Sheppard**

## Notable

### THE HIT TEAM

by DAVID B. TINNIN with DAG CHRISTENSEN  
240 pages. Little, Brown, \$7.95.

On July 21, 1973, in the Norwegian resort town of Lillehammer, members of an Israeli assassination squad shot and killed a Moroccan waiter thought to be the chief of the Palestinian Liberation Organization's Black September terrorists. The man was innocent, the Israeli agents were arrested. Perhaps the most serious consequence of the blunder was that the Mossad, the Israeli spy agency responsible for the killing, lost its reputation for reliability. When, a few days before the October War, the organization produced plans for the Arab attack, Israel's leaders were not convinced that the plans were genuine.

*The Hit Team* is a tense, staccato account of this and other activities during the 1972-73 war of assassination between Israeli intelligence and its counterpart in the P.L.O. David Tinnin, an associate editor at TIME, and Norwegian Journalist Dag Christensen pieced together this story of international dirty tricks from leads provided by the Norwegian court that tried the Mossad agents.

Tinnin and Christensen date the origins of Israel's killer teams to Black September's murder of the eleven Israeli athletes at the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich. The Mossad's first dozen victims were dispatched with silencer pistols or blasted in their hotel rooms or cars with plastique explosives. One of the hit team's victims turned out to be a coordinator of activities among Black September, the I.R.A. and Basque separatists. His replacement: the mysteri-

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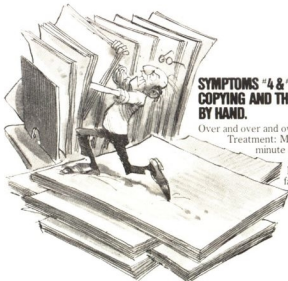
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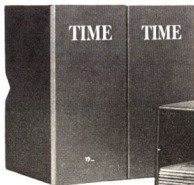
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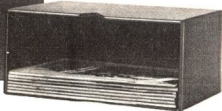
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## BOOKS

ous terrorist known as "Carlos," who in 1975 engineered the kidnapping of representatives of the Organization of the Petroleum Exporting Countries. The book provides the factual grist for a gross of paperback thrillers.

### THE END OF THE PARTY

by MARVIN BARRETT

219 pages, Putnam, \$7.95.

An unsophisticated youth meets a glamorous, mysterious stranger, and Learns Something About Life. It is an endlessly employed formula that has generated such high and low art as *The Great Gatsby* and *Auntie Mame*. This first novel, *The End of the Party*, by Marvin Barrett, is yet another variation on the same theme. Here, the part of the glittering mentor is played by Dexter Hillyer, a Midwestern-born artist who rose to fame in the 1920s as a chic illustrator. Hillyer is seen through the few but vivid memories of his godson Emerson Mercer. The stages of his life are marked by his shifting reactions to the older man—from youthful idolatry through later disappointment to, ultimately, a mature understanding and love.

Barrett, a professor of journalism at Columbia University and the author of several nonfiction books, is adept at the mechanics of the novel. His dialogue sounds spoken, the scenes pass by smoothly and at just the right clip. Occasionally the prose is too lavish: "The sofas and chairs lie in cool pools of watery shadow like velvet leviathans anesthetized." But such empuirings fade as the book proceeds on its quiet but genuinely moving path. In the end, *The End of the Party* seems a well-tended, well-annotated photo album, an example of loving nostalgia tempered by wisdom.

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

- 1—Trinity, Uris (1 last week)
- 2—Sleeping Murder, Christie (2)
- 3—Dolores, Susann (3)
- 4—Touch Not the Cat, Stewart (6)
- 5—Ordinary People, Guest (4)
- 6—Slapstick, Vonnegut (5)
- 7—Storm Warning, Higgins
- 8—Fancy Dancer, Warren (7)
- 9—The Lonely Lady, Robbins
- 10—Magic, Goldman

### NONFICTION

- 1—Passages, Sheehy (1)
- 2—The Right and the Power, Jaworski (3)
- 3—Your Erroneous Zones, Dyer (2)
- 4—Roots, Haley (5)
- 5—The Final Days, Woodward & Bernstein (4)
- 6—Blood and Money, Thompson
- 7—A Year of Beauty and Health, Beverly & Vidal Sassoon (6)
- 8—The Grass Is Always Greener Over the Septic Tank, Bombeck
- 9—Adolf Hitler, Toland (7)
- 10—A Man Called Intrepid, Stevenson





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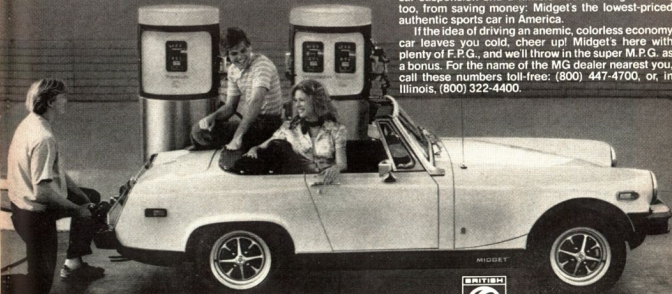
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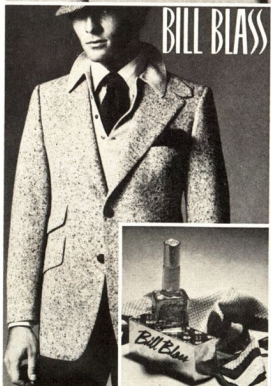
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Civilizations crumble. Governments fall. Religions disappear. Entire societies are swept into the dustbin of history. But the family—a perdurable rock of ages—survives.

In *The Farm*, British Playwright David Storey shows us why, as he did once before in a rather similar play, *In Celebration* (TIME, June 10, 1974). Storey's essential point is that the family is an entity that surmounts and sustains its component members. There is a price to pay. The warming hug of fondness and care may be too snug for comfort, like the coils of a boa constrictor.

The Yorkshire farm family of this drama seems to be thriving in quasi-incestuous domesticity. The father (Jack Gwillim) is a grizzled apostle of the work ethic and a drinking fool who would shame Dionysus. His three daughters have been properly educated (two are teachers), but the experience has been enervating rather than elevating. The eldest (Debra Mooney) is a creature of broody, caustic resignation. The middle sister (Trish Hawkins) is a sexual tease who refuses to settle for any one man. The youngest (Nancy Snyder) is a political firebrand who posts placards of revolt in her bedroom.

The mother (Ruby Holbrook), a hardied peacemaker, has taken up night courses in sociology, anthropology and psychology. Here Storey draws a distinct line between the instinctual blood force represented by the father and arid attempts to control and explain existence through the disciplines of rationality.

The return of a feckless rebel son and would-be poet (Jeff Daniels) stirs embers of memory and excitement in the whole family. The source of his father's greatest hopes and deepest hurt, the boy has come home to announce that he is marrying a middle-aged mother of two whom he will introduce to them. But the event never occurs. After a poisonously bitter quarrel between father and son, the boy leaves home again. Yet a closing breakfast scene clinches Storey's point that the family will go on as immutably as the sun rises and night falls.

Despite variations in accent, the cast is splendid; Gwillim is a whisky-soaked dinosaur of a father. Marshall W. Mason directs with Chekhovian sensitivity. As for David Storey, 43, winner of three New York Drama Critics' Circle Awards (*Home, The Contractor, The Changing Room*) within the past six years, he is simply one of the most gifted playwrights alive.

T.E. Kalem

### Mississippi Romp

THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM  
Book and Lyrics by ALFRED UHRY  
Music by ROBERT WALDMAN  
Choreography by DONALD SADDLER

For a rural folk tale, this musical is very tongue in chic. Self-mocking humor, stylish performances and a stomping vitality convert the original Eudora Welty novella about a Mississippi Rob-in Hood into a Broadway romp.

The show evolves in play-within-a-play fashion from an opening square dance, and the book, lyrics, music and choreography mesh delightfully to create the mood of innocent bawdry and rustic high jinks. A handsome highway-



GWILLIM & HOLBROOK IN *THE FARM*  
Home is where the hurt is.

man, Jamie Lockhart (Barrie Bostwick), wrests a rich plantation owner's purse from some of his robber competitors and restores it to him. The grateful recipient (Stephen Vinovich) invites Jamie home to meet his daughter Rosamund.

The girl (Rhonda Coulter) seems to be as ugly as a possum, but Jamie, in his berry-stained guise as the "robber in the woods," has already unconsciously fallen in love with this girl, for in the forest he frequents she appears as a blonde beauty. In one scene where she is accoutered like Lady Godiva, sans horse, he enjoys her favors.

What would a fairy tale be without a wicked stepmother to impede the lovers? Barbara Lane plays the role up to the hammy hilt. The dances shiver the floorboards. Gerald Freedman directs at a cannonball pace without sacrificing the illusion that the show is taking place in an enchanted glade.

T.E.K.

## MILESTONES

**Died.** Connie Boswell, 68, innovative songstress of the Big Band era, whose recordings of such hits as *Whisper in the Dark* and *They Can't Take That Away from Me* sold more than 75 million copies; of cancer, in Manhattan. Boswell, stricken by polio as a child, sang from a wheelchair, but her long gowns were often artfully draped to create the illusion that she was standing up. She began her career as one of the three Boswell sisters. Continuing solo following her sisters' marriages, in 1936 she starred on radio, was featured on Broadway and appeared in several movie musicals.

**Died.** Roderick L. Haig-Brown, 68, Canadian naturalist and author of the 1940 classic fishing book, *The Western Angler*; of a heart attack, in Campbell River, B.C. Born in England, Haig-

Brown traveled to North America in the 1920s in search of "broken country." He settled on Vancouver Island, serving as magistrate of a local court, writing some two dozen books and championing environmental protection long before it became a popular cause.

**Died.** Carlo ("Don Carlo") Gambino, 74, chief of New York City's most powerful Mafia family; in his sleep, in Massapequa, N.Y. The Sicilian-born Gambino came to the U.S. as a stow-away at the age of 19. He assumed control of his underworld clan in 1957 after the assassination of its boss, Albert Anastasia, in the barbershop of the Park-Sheraton Hotel. Although the Federal Government tried to deport Gambino for ten years, a series of heart attacks enabled him to successfully thwart expulsion to Italy.

**Died.** Dame Edith Evans, 88, legendary British actress; in Goudhurst, England. Evans' repertory ranged from Shakespearean tragedy to modern comedy; she created several roles for George Bernard Shaw, who wrote *The Millionairess* especially for her. Dame Edith made her film debut at the age of 60 in a 1948 version of Pushkin's *The Queen of Spades*. Her other films included *Look Back in Anger*, *The Nun's Story*, *Tom Jones* and *The Whisperers*. Evans started acting in amateur theater productions while working as an apprentice milliner in London. She caught the eye of Director William Poel, who cast her in his 1912 Covent Garden production of *Troilus and Cressida*. Continuing to act until shortly before her death, Evans once remarked that she had always desired "a job I couldn't see the end of."

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## BOOKS

gions. Manhattan is an ancient ruin reclaimed by vegetation. The Chinese have become the world's most advanced civilization. They have even learned to shrink themselves to the size of egg rolls to conserve natural resources.

Vonnegut's principal characters are Dr. Wilbur Swain and Eliza Swain, a brother and sister who seem to owe some of their identities to Vladimir Nabokov's Van and Ada of *Ada*. The aged doctor camps out in the lobby remnant of the Empire State Building and relates the disjointed fantasy of his life and times.

The tale is dominated by his relationship with his sister Eliza. Yes, it is incestuous, but as in *Ada*, incest has a private, figurative significance. Wilbur's and Eliza's love and loneliness are conveyed in a slurry of short scenes, part science fiction, part dreamlike shorthand, whose allusions the author seems unwilling to share fully with his reader. Instead of ideas, he offers whimsy; instead of feeling, merely sentiment. Vonnegut calls his method "situational poetry." This is academic jargon that may be best translated as "I'm too tired to write as well as I used to."

R.Z. Sheppard

## Notable

### THE HIT TEAM

by DAVID B. TINNIN with DAG CHRISTENSEN  
240 pages. Little, Brown, \$7.95.

On July 21, 1973, in the Norwegian resort town of Lillehammer, members of an Israeli assassination squad shot and killed a Moroccan waiter thought to be the chief of the Palestinian Liberation Organization's Black September terrorists. The man was innocent; the Israeli agents were arrested. Perhaps the most serious consequence of the blunder was that the Mossad, the Israeli spy agency responsible for the killing, lost its reputation for reliability. When, a few days before the October War, the organization produced plans for the Arab attack, Israel's leaders were not convinced that the plans were genuine.

*The Hit Team* is a tense, staccato account of this and other activities during the 1972-73 war of assassination between Israeli intelligence and its counterpart in the P.L.O. David Tinnin, an associate editor at TIME, and Norwegian Journalist Dag Christensen pieced together this story of international dirty tricks from leads provided by the Norwegian court that tried the Mossad agents.

Tinnin and Christensen date the origins of Israel's killer teams to Black September's murder of the eleven Israeli athletes at the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich. The Mossad's first dozen victims were dispatched with silencer pistols or blasted in their hotel rooms or cars with plastique explosives. One of the hit team's victims turned out to be a coordinator of activities among Black September, the I.R.A. and Basque separatists. His replacement: the mysteri-



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